THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ENLISTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, love, unclasp your arms,
I must away.
Hark, hear the battle-call,
I cannot stay!
You will not, oh, my love,
Unman me now,
Yours be it, rather, love,
To bid me go!

You would not say one word
To keep me here!
I know it, love, your strength
I do not fear.
For you would say, even though
Your heart should break,
"Go, strike for freedom's cause,
And for my sake!"

You will not let tears dim
Those flashing eyes
That ever turn to gaze
Where, in the skies,
Our glorious Stripes and Stars
Float proud and free;—
Ah, when I strike for them,
And love, for thee,

How can my arm be weak,
Or true heart quail?
Then, love, fear not for me,
I will not fail
Our Union in her need—
But time shall tell
How I have done my part;—
Oh, love, farewell!

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER IV.

INDIANS AND HUNTERS.

As we have already said, at the spot where the three hunters were standing, the Rio Colorado formed a wide sheet, whose silvery waters wound through a superb and picturesque country.

At times, on either bank, the ground rose almost suddenly into bold mountains of grand appearance; at other places, the river ran through fresh and laughing prairies, covered with luxuriant vegetation, or graceful and undulating valleys, in which grew trees of every description.

It was in one of these valleys that Brighteye's canoe had been pulled in. Sheltered on all sides by lofty forests, which begirt them with a dense curtain of verdure, the hunters would have escaped, even during the day, from the investigations of curious or indiscreet persons, who might have attempted to surprise them at this advanced hour of the night, by the flickering rays of the moon, which only reached them after being followed through the leafy dome that covered them; they could consider themselves as being perfectly secure.

Reassured by the strength of his position, Brighteye, so soon as Don Stefano had left him, formed his plan of action with that lucidity which can only be obtained from a lengthened knowledge of the desert.

"Comrade," he said, to the half-breed, "do you know the desert?"

"Not so well as you, certainly, old hunter," the latter answered, modestly, "but well enough to be of good service to you in the expedition you wish to attempt."

"I like that way of answering, for it shows a desire of doing well. Listen to me attentively; the color of my hair, and the wrinkles that furrow my forehead, tell you sufficiently that I must possess a certain amount of experience; my whole life has been spent in the woods; there is not a blade of grass I do not know; a sound which I cannot explain, a footstep which I cannot discover. A few moments back, several shots were fired not far from us, followed by the Indian war yell; among those shots I am certain I recognized the rifle of a man for whom I feel the warmest friendship; that man is in danger at this moment, he is fighting the Apaches, who have surprised and attacked him during sleep. The number of shots leads me to suppose that my friend has only two companions with him! if we do not go to his help, he is lost, for his adversaries are numerous; the thing I am about to attempt is almost desperate; we have every chance against us, so reflect before replying. Are you still resolved to accompany Ruperto and myself; in a word, risk your scalp in our company?"

"Bah!" the bandit said, carelessly, "a man can only die once; perhaps I shall never again have so fine an opportunity of dying honestly. Dispose of me, old trapper, I am yours, body and soul."

"Good; I expected that answer; still, it was my duty to warn you of the danger that threatened you; now, no more talking, but let us act, for time presses, and every minute we waste is an age for the man we wish to save. Walk in my moccasins; keep your eye and ear on the watch; above all, be prudent, and do nothing without orders."

After having carefully inspected the cap on his rifle, a precaution imitated by his two companions, Brighteye looked round him for a few seconds, then, with that hunter's instinct which in them is almost second sight, he advanced with a rapid though silent step in the direction of the fighting, while making the men a sign to follow him.

It is impossible to form an idea, even a distant one, of what a night march is on the prairie, on foot, through the shrubs; the trees which have grown together, the creepers that twine in every direction. Walking on a shifting soil; composed of detritus of every nature accumulated during centuries, at one place forming mounds several feet high, surrounded by deep ditches—not only is it difficult to find a path through this inextricable confusion, when walking quietly onward, with no fear of betraying one's presence, but this becomes almost impossible when you have to open a passage, not letting a branch spring back, or a leaf rustle; for that sound, though almost imperceptible, would be enough to place the enemy you wish to surprise on his guard.

A long residence in the desert can alone enable a man to acquire the necessary skill to carry out this rude task successfully. This skill Brighteye possessed in the highest degree; he seemed to guess the obstacles which rose at each step before him—obstacles the slightest of which, under such circumstances, would have made the most resolute man recoil, through his conviction of it being an impossibility to surmount them.

The two other hunters had only to follow the track so cleverly and laboriously made by their guide. Fortunately, the adventurers were only a short distance from the men they were going to help; had it been otherwise, they would have needed nearly the whole night to join them. Had Brighteye wished it, he could have skirted the forest and walked in the long grass—a road incomparably more easy, and especially less fatiguing; but, with his usual correctness of conception, the hunter understood that the direction he took was the only one which would permit him to go straight to the scene of action without being discovered by the Indians, who, in spite of all their sagacity, would never suspect that a man would dare to attempt such a route.

After a walk of about twenty minutes, Brighteye stopped—the hunters had arrived. On lightly moving the branches and brambles aside, they witnessed the following scene.

Before them, and scarce ten paces off, was a clearing. In the centre of that clearing three fires were burning, and were surrounded by Apache warriors, smoking gravely; while their horses, fastened to picquets, were nibbling the young tree shoots.

Marksman was standing motionless near the chiefs, leaning on his rifle, and exchanging a few words with them at intervals. Brighteye understood nothing of what he saw; all these men seemed on the best terms with the hunter, who, for his part, did not display the slightest uneasiness, either by his gestures or his face.

We have said that, after the Indians' sudden attack, Marksman advanced towards them, waving a buffalo robe in sign of peace. The Indians stopped, with that courteous deference which they display in all their relations, in order to listen to the hunter's explanations. A chief even stepped towards him, politely inviting him to say what he wanted.

"My red brother does not know me! Then is it necessary that I should tell him my name, that he may know with whom he is speaking?" Marksman said, angrily.

"That is useless. I know that my brother is a great white warrior. My ears are open; I await the explanation he will be good enough to give me."

The hunter shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Have the Apaches become cowardly or plundering coyotes, setting out in flocks to hunt on the prairies? Why have they attacked me?"

"My brother knows it."

"No, as I ask it. The Antelope Apaches had a chief—a great warrior—named Red Wolf. That chief was my friend. I had made a treaty with him. But Red Wolf is, doubtlessly, dead; his scalp adorns the lodge of a Comanche, as the young men of his tribe have come to attack me, treacherously, and against the sworn peace, during my sleep."

The Chief frowned, and drew himself up.

"The paleface, like all his countrymen, has a viper's tongue," he said, rudely; "a skin covers his heart, and the words his chest exhales are so many lies. Red Wolf is not dead; his scalp does not adorn the lodge of a Comanche dog; he is still the first chief of the Antelope Apaches. The hunter knows it well, since he is speaking to him at this moment."

"I am glad that my brother has made himself known," the hunter replied; "for I should not have recognized him from his way of acting."

"Yes, there is a traitor between us," the Chief said, dryly; "but that traitor is a paleface, and not an Indian!"

"I wait till my brother explains himself. I do not understand him; a mist has spread over my eyes—my mind is veiled. The words of the Chief, I have no doubt, will dissipate this cloud."

"I hope so! Let the hunter answer with an honest tongue, and no deceit. His voice is a music which for a long time sounded pleasantly in my ears, and rejoiced my heart. I should be glad if his explanation restored me the friend whom I fancied I had lost."

"Let my brother speak. I will answer his questions."

At a sign from Red Wolf the Apaches had kindled several fires, and formed a temporary camp. In spite of all his cleverness, doubt had entered the heart of the Apache Chief, and he wished to prove to the white hunter, whom he feared, that he was acting frankly, and entertained no ill design against him. The Apaches, seeing the good understanding that apparently prevailed between their sachem and the hunter, had hastened to execute the order they received. All traces of the contest disappeared in a moment, and the clearing offered the appearance of a bivouac of peaceful hunters receiving the visit of a friend.

Marksman smiled internally at the success of his plan, and the way in which he managed, by a few words to give quite a different turn to the position of affairs. Still he was not without anxiety about the explanation the Chief was going to ask of him. He felt he was in a wasps' nest, from which he did not know how he should contrive to emerge, without some providential accident. Redskin invited the hunter to take a seat by his side at the fire, which he declined, however, not being at all certain how matters would end, and wishing to retain a chance of escape in the event of the explanation becoming stormy.

"Is the pale hunter ready to reply?" Red Wolf asked him.

"I am awaiting my brother's good pleasure."

"Good! Let my brother open his ears, then. A Chief is about to speak."

"I am listening."

"Red Wolf is a renowned Chief. His name is heard by the Comanches, who fly before him like timid squaws. One day, at the head of his young men, Red Wolf entered an altopelt (village) of the Comanches. The Buffalo Comanches were hunting on the prairies; their warriors and young men were absent. Red Wolf burned the cabins, and carried off the women prisoners. Is that true?"

"It is true."

"Among the women was one for whom the heart of the Apache Chief spoke. That woman was the Cohuatl of the sachem of the Buffalo Comanches. Red Wolf led her to his hut and treated her not as a prisoner, but as a well-beloved sister."

"What did the pale hunter?"

The Chief broke off and looked steadily at Marksman, but the latter did not move a feature.

"I will wait till my brother answers me, in order to know with what he reproaches me," he said.

Red Wolf continued, with a certain degree of animation in his voice.

"The pale hunter, abusing the friendship of the Chief, introduced himself into his village, under the pretext of visiting his red brother. As he was known and beloved by all, he traversed the village as he pleased, sauntered about everywhere, and when he had discovered Eglantine, he carried her off during a dark night, like a traitor and a coward."

At this insult, the hunter pressed the barrel of his rifle with a convulsive movement, but he immediately recovered his coolness.

"The Chief is a great warrior," he said, "he speaks well. The words reach his lips with an abundance that is charming. Unfortunately, he lets himself be led astray by passion, and does not describe matters as they occurred."

"Wah!" the Chief exclaimed. "Red Wolf is an impostor, and his lying tongue ought to be thrown to the dogs."

"I have listened patiently to the Chief's words; it is his turn to hear mine."

"Good! Let my brother speak."

At this moment a whistle, no louder than a sigh, was audible. The Indians paid no attention to it, but the hunter quivered, his eye flashed, and a smile played round the corners of his lips.

"I will be brief," he said. "It is true that I introduced myself into my brother's village, but frankly and loyally to ask of him, in the name of Mahchsi-Karende, the great sachem of the Buffalo Comanches, his wife, whom Red Wolf had carried off. I offered for her a rich ransom, composed of four guns, six hides of the buffalo, and two necklaces of grizzly bears' claws. I act thus, in the intention of preventing a war between the Buffalo Comanches and the Antelope Apaches. My brother, Red Wolf, instead of accepting my friendly proposals, despised them. I then warned him, that, by will or force, Flying Eagle would recover his wife, treacherously carried off from his village while he was absent. Then I withdrew. What reproach can my brother address to me? Under what circumstance did I behave badly to him? Flying Eagle has got back his wife; he has acted well—he was in the right. Red Wolf has nothing to say to that. Under similar circumstances, he would have done the same. I have spoken. Let my brother answer if his heart proves to him that I was wrong."

"Good!" the Chief answered. "My brother was here with Eglantine a few minutes ago; he will tell me where she is hidden. Red Wolf will capture her again, and there will no longer be a cloud between Red Wolf and his friend."

"The Chief will forget that woman who does not love him and who cannot be his.—That will be better, especially as Flying Eagle will never consent to give her up."

"Red Wolf has warriors to support his words," the Indian said, proudly. "Flying Eagle is alone; how will he oppose the will of the sachem?"

Marksman smiled.

"Flying Eagle has numerous friends," he said; "he is at this moment sheltered in the camp of the palefaces, whose fires Red Wolf can see from here glistening in the darkness. Let my brother listen. I believe I hear the sound of footsteps in the forest."

The Indian rose with agitation.

At this moment three men entered the clearing. They were Brighteye, Ruperto, and Domingo.

At the sight of them, the Apaches, who were thoroughly acquainted with them, rose tumultuously and uttered a cry of astonishment, almost of terror, while seizing their weapons. The three hunters continued to advance calmly, not caring to trouble themselves about these almost hostile demonstrations.

We will explain in a few words the appearance of the hunters and their interference, which was probably about to change the aspect of affairs.

CHAPTER V.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

Brighteye and his two companions, owing to the position they occupied, not only saw all that occurred in the clearing, but also heard, without losing a word, the conversation between Marksman and Red Wolf.

For many long years the two Canadian hunters had been on intimate terms. Many times had they undertaken together some of those daring expeditions which the wood-rangers frequently carry out against the Indians. These two men had no secrets from each other; all was in common between them—hatred as well as friendship.

Brighteye was thoroughly acquainted with the events to which Marksman alluded, and had not certain reasons, we shall learn presently, prevented him, he would have probably aided his friend in rescuing Eglantine from Red Wolf. Still, one point remained obscure on his mind, that was the presence of Marksman in the middle of the Indians, the quarrel which had begun in shouts and yells, and had now apparently terminated with an amicable conversation.

By what strange concourse of events was it that Marksman, the man best acquainted with Indian tricks, whose reputation for skill and courage was universal among the hunters and trappers of the Western Prairies, now found himself in an equivocal position, in the midst of thirty or forty Apaches, the most scoundrelly treacherous and ferocious of all the Indians who wander about the desert? This it was that the worthy hunter could not explain, and which rendered him so thoughtful. At the risk of whatever might happen, he resolved to reveal his presence to his friend by means of a signal arranged between them long ago, in order to warn him that, in case of need, a friend was watching over him. It was then that he gave the whistle, at the sound of which he saw the hunter start. But this signal had a result which Brighteye was far from expecting. The branches of the tree, against the trunk of which the Canadian was leaning, parted, and a man, hanging by his arms, fell suddenly to the ground a couple of yards from him, but so lightly, that his fall did not produce the slightest sound.

At the first glance, Brighteye recognized the man who seemed thus to fall from the sky. Owing to his self-command, he displayed none of the amazement this unforeseen appearance produced in him.

"That is a strange idea of yours, Chief," he whispered, with a smile, "to go promenading on the trees at this hour of the night."

"Flying Eagle is watching the Apaches," the Indian answered, with a guttural accent. "Did not my brother expect to see me?"

"In the prairie we must expect everything, Chief. Still, I confess, that few meetings would be so agreeable to me as yours, especially at this moment."

"My brother is on the trail of the Antelopes?"

"I declare to you, Chief, that an hour ago I did not expect I was so near them. Had I not heard your shots, it is probable that at this moment I should be quietly asleep in my bivouac."

"Yes, my brother heard the rifle of a friend sing, and he has come."

"You have guessed rightly, Chief. But now tell me all about it, for I know nothing."

"Has not my pale brother heard Red Wolf?"

"Of course; but is there nothing else?"

"Nothing. Flying Eagle rescued his wife; the Apaches pursued him, like cowardly coyotes, and this night surprised him at his fire."

"Very good. Is Eglantine in safety?"

"Eglantine is a Comanche woman; she knows not fear."

"I am aware of that—she is a good creature; but that is not the question at this moment. What do you purpose doing?"

"Wait for a favorable moment, then utter my war yell and fall on these dogs."

"Hum! your project is rather quick. If you will allow me, I will make a slight change."

"Wisdom speaks by the mouth of the pale hunter. Flying Eagle is young; he will obey."

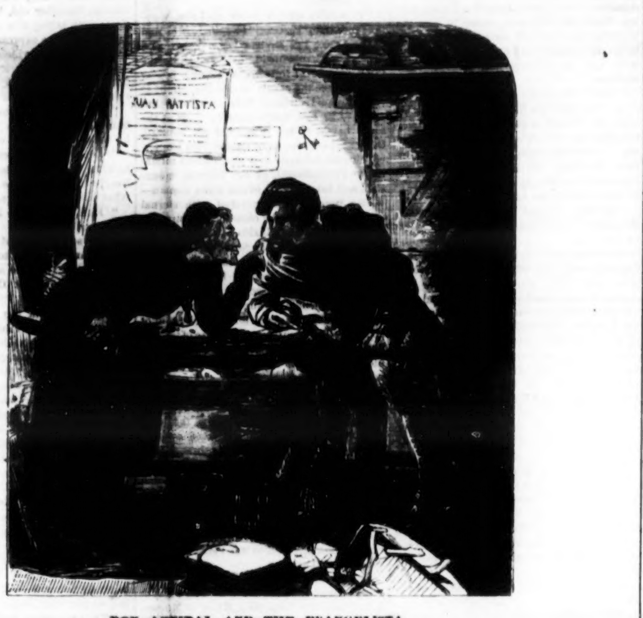
"Good; the more so, because I shall only act for your welfare. But now let me listen, for the conversation seems to me to be taking a turn extremely interesting for us."

The Indian bowed, but made no reply, while Brighteye bent forward, better to hear what was said. After a few minutes the hunter probably considered that it was time for him to interfere, for he turned to the Chief and whispered in his ear, as he had done during the whole of the previous conversation:—

"Let my brother leave this affair to me; his presence would be more injurious than useful to us. We cannot attempt to fight so large a number of enemies, so prudence demands that we should have recourse to stratagem."

"The Apache are dogs," the Comanche muttered, angrily.

"I am of your opinion; but, for the present, let us feign not to consider them such. Believe me, we shall soon take our revenge;



DON ANNIBAL AND THE EVANGELISTA.

besides, the advantage will be on our side, as we are cheating them."

Flying Eagle let his head drop.

"Will the Chief promise me not to make a move without a signal from me?" the hunter said, earnestly.

"Flying Eagle is a sachem. He has said that he will obey Greyhead."

"Good! Now look, you will not have long to wait."

After muttering these words, with that mocking accent peculiar to him, the old hunter resolutely thrust the brambles on one side, and walked firmly into the clearing, followed by his two companions. We have already described the emotion produced by this unforeseen arrival.

Flying Eagle returned to his ambush up the tree, from which he had only come down to speak with the hunter, and give him the information he required. Brighteye stopped by Marksman's side.

"Friend," he then said, in Spanish, a language which most of the Indians understand; "your order is executed; Flying Eagle and his wife are at this moment in the camp of the Gambusinos."

"Good," Marksman answered, catching his meaning at once. "Who are the two men who accompany you?"

"Two hunters the Chief of the Gachupinos sent to accompany me, in spite of my assurances that you were among friends. He will soon arrive himself, at the head of thirty horsemen."

"Return to him, and tell him that he has no longer any occasion to trouble himself; or, stay, I will go myself, to prevent any misunderstanding."

These words, spoken without any emphasis, and naturally, by a man whom each of the Indians present had been frequently in a position to appreciate, produced on them an effect impossible to describe.

The Redskins unite the greatest prudence with the maddest temerity, and never attempt any enterprise without calculating beforehand all the chances of success it may offer. So soon as those chances disappear, to make room for probable ill results, they are not ashamed to recoil, for the very simple reason that with them honor, as we understand it in Europe, only holds a secondary place, and success alone is regarded.

Red Wolf was assuredly a brave man; he had given innumerable proofs of that in many a combat; still he did not hesitate, in behalf of the general welfare, to sacrifice his secret desires, and in doing so, as we believe, he gave a grand proof of that family feeling, and almost instinctive partriotism, which is one of the strongest points in the Indian character. Clever as he was, the Apache Chief was completely deluded by Brighteye, whose imperturbable coolness and unexpected arrival would have sufficed to lead astray an individual even more intelligent than the man with whom he had to deal. Red Wolf made up his mind at once, without any thought of self.

"Greyhead, my brother, is welcome at my fire," he said; "my heart rejoices at greeting a friend; his companions and himself can take their places round the council fire; the calumet of a Chief is ready to be offered them."

"Red Wolf is a great chief," Brighteye replied. "I am pleased at the kindly feeling he experiences towards me; I would accept his offer with the greatest pleasure, did not urgent reasons oblige me to rejoin, as soon as possible, my brothers the palefaces, who are waiting for me at a short distance from the spot where the Antelope Apaches are encamped."

"I hope that no cloud has arisen between Greyhead and his brother Red Wolf," the Chief remarked, in a cautious tone: "two warriors must esteem each other."

"That is my opinion too, Chief, and that is why I have presented myself so frankly in your camp, when it would have been easy to have had several warriors of my nation to accompany me."

Brighteye knew perfectly well that the Apaches understood Spanish, and consequently nothing he had said to Marksman escaped them; but it was to his interest, as well as that of his comrade, to pretend to be ignorant of the fact, and accept as current coin the insidious propositions of the Chief.

"His friends the palefaces are encamped not far from here?" the Chief remarked.

"Yes," Brighteye replied, "at the most from four to five bowshots in a westerly direction."

"Wah! I am vexed at it," the Indian said, "for I would have accompanied my brother to their camp."

"And what prevents you coming with us?" the old hunter said, distinctly. "Would you fear an ill reception by chance?"

"Och! who would dare not to receive Red Wolf with the respect due to him?" the Apache said, haughtily.

"No one, assuredly."

Red Wolf leaned over to a subaltern chief, and whispered a few words in his ear; the man rose, and left the clearing. The hunters saw this movement with anxiety, and exchanged a glance, which said, "Let us keep on our guard." They also fell back a few paces, as if accidentally, and drew nearer together, in order to be ready at the first suspicious sign; for they knew the perfidy of the men among whom they were, and expected anything from them. The Indian sent off by the Chief re-entered the clearing at this moment. He had been absent hardly ten minutes.

"Well?" Red Wolf asked him.

"It is true," the Indian answered, laconically.

The sachem's face was overclouded; he felt certain then that Brighteye had not deceived him; for the man he had sent out of the camp had been ordered by him to assure himself whether the fires of a party of white men could be really seen a short distance off; his emissary's reply proved to him that no treachery could be possible, that he must continue to feign kindly feelings, and separate on proper terms from the troublesome guests, whom he would have liked so much to get rid of in a very different manner. At his order, the horses were unhobbled, and the warriors mounted.

"Day is approaching," he said; "the moon has again entered the great mountain. I am about to start with my young men. May the Wacondah protect my pale brothers!"

"Thank you, Chief," Marksman answered. "But will you not come with us?"

"We are not following the same path," the Chief replied dryly, as he let his horse go.

"That is probable, accursed dog!" Brighteye growled between his teeth.

The whole band started at full speed, and disappeared in the gloom. Soon the sound of their horses' hoofs could no longer be heard, as they became mingled in the distance with those thousand sounds, coming from no apparent cause, which incessantly trouble the majestic silence of the desert.

The hunters were alone. Like the Augurs of ancient Rome, who could not look at each other without laughing, little was needed for the hunters to burst into a loud burst of delight after the hurried departure of the Apaches. At a signal from Marksman, Flying Eagle and Eglantine came to join the woodrangers, who had already seated themselves unceremoniously at the fire of which they had so cleverly dispossessed their enemies.

"Hum!" Brighteye said, as he charged his pipe, "I shall laugh for a long time at this trick; it is almost as good as the one I played the Pawnees, in 1827, on the Upper Arkansas. I was very young at that time; I had been traversing the prairie for only a few years, and was not, as I now am, accustomed to Indian devilries; I remember that—"

"By what accident did I meet you here, Brighteye?" his friend asked, hastily interrupting him.

Marksman knew that so soon as Brighteye began a story, no power on earth would stop him. The worthy man, during the course of a long and varied career, had seen and done so many extraordinary things, that the slightest event which occurred to him, or of which he was merely a witness, immediately became an excuse for one of his interminable stories. His friends, who knew his weakness, felt no hesitation about interrupting him; still we must do Brighteye the justice of saying that he was never angry with his disturbers; for ten minutes later he would begin another story, which they as mercilessly interrupted in a similar way.

To Marksman's question, he replied,—

"We will talk, and I will tell you that."—Then turning to Domingo, he said,—"My friend, I thank you for the assistance you have given us. Return to the camp, and do not forget your promise. Above all, do not omit to narrate all you have seen, to—you know who!"

"That is agreed, old hunter. Don't be uneasy. Good-bye."

"Here's luck."

Domingo threw his rifle over his shoulder, lit his pipe, and walked in the direction of the camp, where he arrived an hour later.

"There," Marksman said, "now I believe nothing will prevent your going ahead."

"Yes; one thing, my friend."

"What is it?"

"The night is nearly spent; it has been fatiguing to everybody. I presume that two or three hours' sleep are necessary, if not indispensable, especially as we are in no hurry."

"Tell me only one thing first, and then I will let you sleep as long as you please."

"What is it?"

"How you happened so fortunately to come to my aid."

"Confound it! That is exactly what I was afraid of. Your question obliges me to enter into details far too long for me to be able to satisfy you at this moment."

"The truth is, my friend, that in spite of the lively desire I feel to spend a few days with you, I am compelled to leave you at sunrise."

"Nonsense! It is not possible."

"It is, indeed."

"But what is your hurry?"

"I have engaged myself as scout with a caravan, which I have given the meeting at two o'clock to morrow afternoon, at the Del Rubio ford. That appointment has been made for the last two months. You know that an engagement is sacred with us hunters, and you would not like to make me break my word!"

"Not for the hides of all the buffalo killed every year on the prairie. Towards what part of the Far West will you guide these men?"

"I shall know that to-morrow."

"And with what sort of people have you to do? Are they Spaniards, or Gringos?"

"On my word, I fancy they are Mexicans. Their Chief's name, I think, is Don Miguel Ortega, or something like it."

"Hallo!" Brighteye exclaimed, with a start of surprise; "what's that you said?"

"Don Miguel Ortega. I may be mistaken, but I hardly think so."

"That is strange," the old hunter said, as if speaking to himself.

"I do not see anything strange in it; the name appears to me common enough."

"To you, possibly. And you have made an agreement with him?"

"Signed and sealed."

"As scout?"

"Yes, I say, a thousand times."

"Well, comfort youself, Marksman; we have many a long day to spend together."

"Do you belong to his party?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Then, I don't understand anything."

Brighteye seemed to be reflecting seriously for a few moments; then he turned to his friend, and said,—

"Listen to me, Marksman! So surely as you are my oldest friend, I do not wish to see you going to the deuce your own road. I must give you certain information, which will be indispensable to you in doing your duty properly. I see that we shall not sleep this night, so listen to me attentively.—What you are about to hear is worth the trouble."

Marksman, startled by the old hunter's solemn accent, looked at him anxiously.

"Speak!" he said to him.

Brighteye collected his thoughts for a moment, and then took the word, beginning a long history, to which his audience listened with a degree of interest and attention which increased with every moment; for never, till that day, had they heard the narrative of events so strange and extraordinary.

The sun had risen for a long time, but the hunter was still talking.

CHAPTER VI.

A DARK HISTORY.

Freed from all the observations, more or less pertinent, with which it pleased the prolix hunter to embellish it, the following is the remarkable story the Canadian told his hearers. This narrative is so closely connected with our story, that we are compelled to repeat it in all its details:—

"Few cities offer a more enchanting appearance than Mexico. The ancient capital of the Aztecs lies stretched out, slothful and idle as a Creole maid, half veiled by the thick curtain of lofty willows which border at a distance the canals and roads. Built at exactly equal distance from two oceans, at about 7,500 feet above their level, or at the same height as the hospice of St. Bernard, this city, however, enjoys a delicious tempered climate, between two magnificent mountains—Popocatapetl, or the burning mountain, and Intaczehuatl, or the white woman—whose rugged peaks, covered with eternal snows, are lost in the clouds. The stranger who arrives before Mexico at sunset, by the eastern road—one of the four great ways that lead to the City of the Aztecs, and the only one now remaining isolated in the middle of the waters of Lake Tezcuco, on which it is built—experiences, at the first sight of this city, a strange emotion, for which he cannot account. The Moorish architecture of the edifices; the houses painted of bright colors; the numberless domes of churches and convents which rise above the azoteas, and cover—if we may use the expression—the entire capital with their vast yellow, blue, and red parasols, gilded by the parching rays of the declining sun; the warm and perfumed evening breeze which comes sporting through the leaf-laden branches; all this combines to give Mexico a perfectly Eastern air, which astonishes and seduces at the same time.—Mexico, entirely burnt down by Fernando Cortez, was rebuilt by that conqueror after the original plan; all the streets intersect at right angles, and lead to the Plaza Mayor by five principal arteries.

"All spanish towns in the New World have this in common—that, in all, the Plaza Mayor is built after the same plan. Thus, at Mexico, on one side are the Cathedral and the Sagrario; on the second, the Palace of the President of the Republic, containing the ministerial offices—four in number, barracks, a prison, &c; on the third side is the Ayuntamiento; while the fourth is occupied by two bazaars—the Parian, and the Portal de los Flores.

"On July 10, 1854, at ten of the night, after a torrid heat, which compelled the inhabitants to shut themselves up in their houses the whole day through, the breeze rose and refreshed the air, and everybody, mounted on the flower-covered azoteas, which make them resemble hanging gardens, hastened to enjoy that serene placidity of American evenings, which seems to rain stars from the azure sky. The streets and square were swarmed with promenaders; there was an inextricable throng of foot-passengers, horsemen, men, women, Indians and their squaws, where the rags, silk and gold were arranged in the quaintest manner, in the midst of cries, jests, and merry bursts of laughter. In a word, Mexico, like the enchanted city of the Arabian Nights, seemed to have been aroused by the bell of Oracion from a centennial sleep—such joy did all faces display, and so happy did all seem to inhale the fresh air.

"At this moment, a non-commissioned officer, who could be easily recognized as such by the vine stick he held in his hand, turned out of the Calle San Francisco, and mingled with the crowd that thronged the Plaza Mayor, giving himself all the airs peculiar to soldiers in all parts of the world. He was a young man, of elegant features, haughty glance, and his slight moustache was coquettishly turned up. After walking round the square two or three times, ogling maidens and elbowing the men, he approached, with the same careless air he had displayed from the beginning, a shop built against one of the portales, in which an old man with a ferret face and cunning look was shutting up in the drawers of a poor table, stained with a countless number of ink spots, paper, pens, sand, and envelopes—in a word, all the articles requisite for the profession of a public writer—the trade which the little old man really carried on, as could be seen from a board hung over the door of his shop, on which was written in white letters on a black ground, *—Juan Battista Leporello, Evangelista.* The sergeant looked for a few seconds through the panes, which were covered with specimens of caligraphy, and then, doubtless satisfied with what he saw, he tapped thrice with his stick on the door.

"A chain was moved in the interior; the soldier heard a key turned in the lock, then the door opened slightly, and the evangelista thrust his head out timidly.

"'Ah, 'tis you, Don Annibal! *Dios me ampare.* I did not expect you so soon,' he said, in that cringing tone, which some men employ when they feel themselves in the hands of a man stronger than themselves.

"'*Cuerpo de Cristo!* play the innocent, old coyote,' the sergeant replied, roughly, 'who but I would dare to set foot in your accursed den?'

"The evangelista shrugged his shoulders with a grin, and pushed his silver spectacles with their round glasses up on his forehead.

"'Eh, eh,' he said, coughing mysteriously, 'many people have recourse to my good offices, my young Springold.'

"'It is possible,' the soldier answered, thrusting him rudely back, and entering the shop. 'I pity them for falling into the hands of an old bird of prey like you; but it is not that which brings me here."

"'Perhaps it would be better for both you and me, if your visits had another motive from the one that brings you here!' the evangelista remarked, timidly.

"'Truce to your sermons; shut the door, fasten the shutters, so that no one can see us from the street, and let us talk, for we have no time to lose.'

"The old man made no reply; he at once set about closing the shutters, which at night protected his shop from the assaults of the rateros, with a celerity for which no one would have given him credit; then he sat down by his visitor's side, after carefully bolting the door.

"These two men, seen thus by the light of a smoky candle, offered a striking contrast; one young, handsome, strong, and daring; the other old, broken, and hypocritical: both taking side glances at each other, full of a strange expression, and with an apparent cordiality, which probably hid a deep hatred, talking in a low voice ear to ear, they resembled two demons conspiring the ruin of an angel.

"The soldier was the first to speak, in a tone hardly above his breath, so much did he seem to fear being overheard.

"'Look you, Tio Leporello,' he said, 'let us come to an understanding; the half-hour has just struck at the Sagrario, so speak; what have you learnt new?"

"'Hum!' the other said, 'not much that is interesting.'

"The soldier flashed a suspicious glance at him, and appeared to be reflecting.

"'That is true,' he said, at the end of a moment, 'I did not think of that; where could my head be?'

"He drew from the breast pocket of his uniform a purse tolerably well filled, through the meshes of which glistened sundry ounces, and then a long navaja, which he opened and placed on the table near him. The old man trembled at the sight of the sharpened blade, whose blue steel sent forth sinister rays; the soldier opened the purse, and poured forth the pieces in a joyous cascade before him. The evangelista immediately forgot the knife, only to attend to the gold, attracted involuntarily by the trinkling of the metal, as by an irresistible magnet.

"The soldier had done all we have just described with the coolness of a man who knows that he has unfailing arguments in his possession.

"'Then,' he said, 'rake up your memory, old demon, if you do not wish my navaja to teach you with whom you have to deal, in case you have forgotten.'

"The evangelista smiled pleasantly, while looking covetously at the ounces.

"'I know too well what I owe you, Don Annibal,' he said, "not to try to satisfy you by all the means in my power.'

"'A truce to your unnecessary and hypocritical compliments, old ape, and come to facts. Take this first, it will encourage you to be sincere.'

"He placed several ounces in his hand, which the evangelista disposed of with such a sleight of hand, that it was impossible for the soldier to know where they had gone.

"'You are generous, Don Annibal—that will bring you good fortune.'

"Go on; I want facts.'

"'I am coming to them."

"'I am listening."

"And the sergeant leaned his elbow on the table, in the position of a man preparing to listen, while the evangelista coughed, spat, and by an old habit of prudence, though alone with the sergeant in his shop, looked round him suspiciously.

"The sounds on the Plaza Mayor had died out one after the other; the crowd had dispersed in every direction, and returned to their houses, and the greatest silence prevailed outside; at this moment eleven o'clock struck slowly from the Cathedral, and the two men started involuntarily at the mournful sounds of the clock; the serenos chanted the hour in their drawling, drunken voice; then all was quiet.

"'Will you speak, yes or no?' the soldier suddenly said, with a menacing accent.

"The evangelista bounded on his butacca, as if aroused from sleep, and passed his hand several times over his forehead.

"'I am beginning,' he said, in a humble voice.

"'That is lucky," the other remarked, coarsely.

"'You must know, then—but,' he observed, suddenly interrupting himself, 'must I enter into all the details?'

"'*Demonios!*' the soldier exclaimed, passionately, 'let us have an end of this once for all; you know that I want to have the most complete information; *Canarios!* do not play with me like a cat with a mouse; old man, I warn you, that game will be dangerous for you.'

"'Well, this morning, I had just settled myself in my office; I was arranging my papers and mending my pens, when I heard a discreet tap at the door; I rose and went to open it; it was a young and lovely lady, as far as I could judge, for she was *embosada* in her black mantilla, so as not to be seen.'

"'Then it was not the woman who has come to you every day for a month?' the soldier interrupted.

"'Yes; but as you have doubtlessly remarked, on each of her visits she is careful to change her dress, in order to prevent my recognizing her; but, in spite of these precautions, I have been too long accustomed to ladies' tricks, to allow myself to be deceived, and I recognized her by the first glance that shot from her black eye.'

"'Very good; go on.'

"'She stood for a moment before me in silence, playing with her fan, with an air of embarrassment. I offered her a chair politely, pretending not to recognize her, and asking her how I could be of service to her.' 'Oh,' she answered me, with a petulant voice, 'I want a very simple matter.' 'Speak, senorita; if it is connected with my profession, believe me, I shall make a point of obeying you.' 'Should I have come, had it not been so?' she replied; 'but are you a man who can be trusted?' and while saying this, she fixed on me a searching glance. I drew myself up, and replied in my most serious tone, as I laid my hand on my heart. An evangelista is a confessor; all secrets die in his breast.' She then drew a paper from the pocket of her saga, and turned it about in her fingers, but suddenly began laughing, as she said, 'How foolish I am, I make a mystery of a trifle; besides, at this moment you are only a machine, as you will not understand what you write.' I bowed at all hazards, expecting some diabolical combination, like those she has brought to me every day for a month."

"'A truce to reflections,' the sergeant interrupted.

"She gave me the paper,' the evangelista continued, 'and, as was arranged between you and me, I took a sheet of paper, which I laid upon another prepared beforehand, and blackened on one side, so that the words I wrote on my papers were reproduced by the black page on another—the poor Nina not in the least suspecting it. After all, the letter was not long, only two or three lines; but, may I be sent to purgatory,' he added, crossing himself piously, 'if I understood a syllable of the horrible gibberish I copied; it was doubtlessly Morisco.'

"'Afterwards?'

"'I folded up the paper in the shape of a letter, and addressed it.'

"'Ah, ah!' the soldier said, with interest, 'that is the first time.'

"'Yes, but the information will not be of much use to you.'

"'Perhaps;—what was the address?'

"'Z. p. V. 2, calle S. P. Z.'

"'Hum!' the soldier said, thoughtfully; 'that is certainly rather vague. What next?'

"'Then she went away, after giving me a gold ounce.'

"'She is generous.'

"'Pobre Nina!' the evangelista said, laying his hooked fingers over his dry eyes, with an air of tenderness.

"'Enough of that mummery, which I do not believe. Is that all she said to you?'

"'Nearly so,' the other said, with hesitation.

"The sergeant looked at him.

"'Is there anything else?' he remarked, as he threw him several gold coins, which the evangelista disposed of at once.

"'Almost nothing.'

"'You had better tell me, Tio Leporello, for, as an evangelista, you know that the reason why letters are written, is generally found in the postscript.'

"'On leaving my office, the senorita made a sign to a *providencia** which was passing. The carriage stopped, and though the Nina spoke in a very low voice, I heard her say to the driver, 'To the convent of the Bernardines.'

"The sergeant gave an almost imperceptible start.

"'Hum! he said, with an indifferent air, perfectly well assumed; 'that address does not mean much. Now give me the paper.'

"The evangelista fumbled in his drawer, and drew from it a sheet of white paper, on which a few almost illegible words were written. So soon as the soldier had the paper in his hands he eagerly perused it; it appeared to have a great interest for him, for he turned visibly pale, and a convulsive tremor passed over his limbs; but he recovered himself almost immediately.

"'It is well,' he said, as he tore up the paper into imperceptible fragments; 'here's for you.'

"And he threw a fresh handful of ounces on the table.

"Thanks, caballero,' Tio Leporello exclaimed, as he bounded greedily on the precious metal.

"An ironical smile played round the soldier's lips, and, taking advantage of the old man's position, as he leant over the table to collect the gold, he raised his knife and buried it to the hilt between the evangelista's shoulders. The blow was dealt so truly, and with such a firm hand, that the old man fell like a log, without uttering a sigh, or giving a cry. The soldier regarded him for a moment coldly and apathetically, then reassured by the immobility of his victim, whom he believed dead—

"'Come,' he muttered, 'that is all the better; at anyrate, he will not speak in that way.'

"After this philosophical funeral oration, he tranquilly wiped his knife, picked up the gold, put out the candle, opened the door, closed it carefully after him, and walked off with the steady, though somewhat hasty step, of a belated traveller, hurrying to his home.

"The Plaza Mayor was deserted."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* The names of public vehicles in Mexico.

☞ BUTTERCUPS POISONOUS.—The *Journal de Chimie Medicale* relates a case of poisoning from eating the common buttercup. Some children were amusing themselves by making crowns of this flower, when one of them was tempted to eat some of the flowers. Violent pain, stimulating colic, and all the symptoms of poisoning supervened, but fortunately the life of the child was saved. The root of the buttercup is of very acrid nature, and if chewed will blister the mouth.

☞ As the soundest health is less perceived than the lightest malady, so the highest joy toucheth us less than the smallest sorrow.

☞ To a lover, his sweetheart's right hand, and cheek, and eye, and ear, are equalled by nothing on earth but her left.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

OF ALL THINGS DO NOT FORGET THIS.—Of all things we hope our friends will not forget the new year—and that there are many thousands of people whom a paper like THE POST would exactly suit. Our new PREMIUM MAP will recompense any one for the trouble of getting up a small club for us, among acquaintances to whom THE POST has never gone. If every old subscriber would get us even a small club of four new ones, it would probably make the sun of 1862 shine very brightly to us.

TO THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS.

As it is a very great convenience to us to have the names of subscribers who wish to begin with the new year sent in as early as possible, we would recommend that those engaged in getting up clubs should send them on in time to reach us by the first of the year, even in cases where the lists are not full.

Sufficient money to pay for the number sent, at the club rate, must always accompany the names.

The balance of the names and of the money should be sent on as soon as possible.

In this way we shall be able to make up our books early, and those who have given in their names on clubs will not be compelled to wait for their papers until the whole list is completed—which often is a work of considerable time, and trying to the patience of the early subscribers. ks

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CECIL DREEME. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston, Ticknor & Fields.

It is a sad thing when a loss befalls the world just as the value of the lost object becomes recognized and known; sadder still if we feel that not thus and so should the loss have been incurred, that in other paths should the day of danger and trial have been met. This made the bitterness of the national grief when Baker fell; the feeling that the warfare in which he died was not that in which he could best have served his country, not that in which we could best have borne to lose him. So, too, with Theodore Winthrop. Just as his light was fairly kindled and being set in its candlestick, he fell in a service where his best and most peculiar gifts availed him little or nothing, where his dying bore no fruit to compensate us for the sense of what we have lost in him.

Curtis says, in his interesting and appreciative sketch of Winthrop's life, "What was our friend but a lovely possibility until he went to the war?" We would ask in return, what fulfillment of that possibility did the war bring us? It is as the chronicler of the first passages of the war that he is known, not as its soldier; and the world is not so overstocked with thinkers that she can afford to lose them in action for which they are not pre-eminently fitted. What career might, for Winthrop, have lain beyond that dismal field of Great Bethel—whose disastrous programme he had partly planned, dying in the attempt to redeem its failures by the dash of his personal enthusiasm and courage—we cannot certainly say; but that in his own field of literature a brilliant future was just opening to him we can now safely affirm. The fair promise of the first articles which brought his name before the public has become certainty with the appearance of the book whose name heads our notice.

Cecil Dreeme is a remarkable, an original book. A story told of our own time, the scene laid in the busy and prosaic life of our busiest and most prosaic American city, it is yet not to be called a Story of To-day. Its tragedy has nothing to do with the facts of life around us. Densdeth, the villain of the story, is not the kin of the rascals and villains that jostle us in this out-door world. He is the incarnated form of the spiritual tempter who whispers in our own hearts. Cecil Dreeme is the good angel who stands on the other side to resist the evil one. The story is true enough, in one sense, yet it does not come within the domain of the Actual.

The familiar scenes in which the characters move, even the characters which in themselves are recognizable as real persons, as the painter Pensal, and the sculptor Sion, instead of giving a commonplace and matter of fact air to the narrative, recede themselves into the regions of romance and dreamland. In this peculiarity, and in the hints of the supernatural which underlie the story, there is much to remind the reader of Hawthorne; not however as imitation, but as likeness. This is especially the case in the hero's first interview with Emma Denman where her ghostly reflection watches them from the mirror, and he fancies it the spirit of her dead sister overlooking them, and his parting with her the evening after the opera when a fatal chance had revealed her true self to him. This latter scene is perhaps the most powerful of the book, but like all the rest is so interwoven with the story as to forbid quotation.

This book we learn is one of several novels which Winthrop left behind him, all written before the commencement of the war. Why they have been left for posthumous publication is only to be explained by the idiosyncracies of their author. If those which are still to be given to the public can bear comparison with "Cecil Dreeme," Winthrop's station as an author is secured to him, while the promise of much greater things seems to lie beyond, had his future been spared to accomplish them.

☞ This is a fast generation, but our ancestors certainly got ahead of us in the world.

HALF-GROWN GIRLS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wanted, a half-grown girl, to do light work, in a small family. Apply, &c., &c.

Thus ran the advertisement that set me thinking in methodical fashion, first of the article called for, and secondly of the uses to which it might be applied. The first requisite of the half-grown girl is, that she must be an orphan, for it would be unendurable to have a mother always poking about your kitchen, to see how her child is getting on. A smooth tongued aunt generally has the hiring of her, who tells you that a girl of her size should bring higher wages than you offer, but that as she is anxious to find a place for her with "a lady that is a lady," she will not haggle about the price. Thereupon you think the aunt a person of immense discrimination, and remember that there always was something particularly genteel in your appearance.

The second requisite is, that the half-grown girl, be remarkably *well grown*. In fact she is not unfrequently a youthful giantess among her fellow servants. These little matters satisfactorily adjusted, and finding that she has passed through all the diseases to which childhood is supposed to be liable, you engage the half-grown girl at half price, and proceed to induct her into the duties, through which she is "to serve the present age."—This is rather a difficult proceeding, as her duties consist mainly, in doing everything about the house that no one else will do.—She is to set the table, clean the knives, attend the front door, black the boots of the master of the house, (unless he happens to be the model man who blacks his own,) and have the special care of the children, who must always be in a state of washed face and combed head. She must be up very early to awaken your eldest son, so that he may get to work at his lessons. If he flings a boot-jack at her she "musn't mind, for he is naturally in a bad humor so early in the morning, and boys will be boys." That boot-jacks will be boot-jacks, and consequently *hard*, is a fact better appreciated by the half-grown girl. You are conscious that according to the laws of health, young persons require a great deal of sleep, but laws of health were not made for half-grown girls, and so it comes that as you are conscientious, and oblige her to devote the evening to her education, your half-grown girl does not get much more sleep than the godly St. Peter of Alcontara allowed for his refreshment, during his earthly pilgrimage.

The half-grown girl must never forget anything, as carelessness is an unpardonable fault in young persons; she must be perfectly neat in her attire: she must be very deferential to the grown-up members of the family, and, however derogatory to her character or capacity, their remarks may be, must listen to them with a cheerful countenance, or she will be esteemed sulky; she must be perfectly amiable toward the children, but not familiar, and if they make faces or aim pellets of bread at her, as she waits at table, she is on no account to display the faintest consciousness. Her dining-room duties concluded, the half-grown girl retires to the kitchen, in a ravenous state, from having watched people eating for the last hour, and finds the cook and chambermaid about concluding their repast, amid a beggarly array of empty dishes. These dignitaries, the natural enemies of the half-grown girl, watch her satisfying her young appetites, with aggravating astonishment and irritating remark to which she dares make no reply, for fear of being reported up stairs as "sassy." In short she must conform to a description never meant for a half-grown girl. She "must be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath!

If this be the condition of the half-grown girl in a small family, what must be that of the half-grown girl of the cheap boarding-house, slow, slipshod and slatternly?

There is compensation in the thought, that if her existence is not a rosy one, that of her mistress is one of utter wretchedness, for she cannot leave the house for an hour without being haunted by visions of this girl, with her head stretched out of the window, utterly oblivious of work to be done, and letting the children run into all sorts of mischief. Then, too, the emptying of sugar bowls is dreadful. Certainly if the life of the half-grown girl is in many respects a bitter *one* it is not for lack of *material* sweetening. HESTER ALLISON.

☞ A young lady, who wore spectacles, exclaimed, in a voice of enthusiasm, to a ploughman, who was walking on the road—"Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about?" "Them ain't sheep and lambs—them's hogs, Miss."

☞ How majestically the world's great minds walk in history; some like the sun, with all his travelling glories round him, others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars.

☞ A great man is most admired after his death. As the old Egyptians spent more wealth upon their tombs than upon their houses, so we render greater honor to a man's ghost than to himself.

☞ We should pardon something to men of genius. A delicate organization renders them keenly susceptible to pain and pleasure. And then they idealize everything; and, in the moonlight of fancy, even the deformity of vice seems beautiful.

☞ Do the best you can where you are, and, when that is done, you will see an opening for something better.

☞ There are no such things as new truths. One might as well call gold, just dug, new gold.

☞ The earth not only repays forty-fold to the cultivator, but improves her improver.

☞ A covetous man renders a service to his poor neighbors by illustrating to them the uselessness of riches.

☞ We may say of a good many people's souls that it is a wonder Nature ever thought them worth *framing*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE HANSA—THE ENGLISH AND THE REBEL STEAMER NASHVILLE—THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL—LIVERPOOL INDIGNANT—A PUBLIC MEETING CALLED TO SUSTAIN THE HONOR OF THE BRITISH FLAG.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The steamship Hansa, from Bremen, via Southampton, with dates to the 28th ult., has arrived.

The American ship Corinthian had been burned at Lisbon, on the 26th ult.

Captain Nelson, of the ship Harvey Birch, had entered his protest against the capture of the ship by the rebel steamer Nashville. The Southampton magistrate refused him a warrant for the search of the Nashville, and referred him to the Secretary of State.

Captain Pegram and Mr. Yancey had returned from London together, and the latter states that it has been intimated to him, through a third party, that the Nashville is recognized by the British Government as a national vessel, and will be allowed to refit and repair at Southampton, as was the case of the James Adger, so as to exercise perfect neutrality between the two contending parties.

In reply to the application of Captain Nelson for a warrant to search the rebel steamer Nashville and recover certain property belonging to him and the owners of the Harvey Birch, Earl Russell directed his secretary to reply that he cannot authorize the magistrates to issue such a warrant, and declined to interfere in the matter. The application had been made on the recommendation of Mr. Adams, the American Minister.

The London Times, of the 28th ult., contains an account of a meeting held in Liverpool, with reference to the Mason-Slidell affair.

The following placard was posted on 'Change:—"*Outrage on the British Flag—Southern Commissioners forcibly removed from a British mail steamer. A public meeting will be held in the cotton sales room, at 3 o'clock.*"

In pursuance of this call the room was crowded to excess.

The chair was occupied by James Spence, who read the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this meeting, having heard with indignation that an American Federal ship-of-war has forcibly taken from a British mail steamer certain passengers who were proceeding peaceably under the shelter of our flag from one neutral port to another, do earnestly call upon the Government to assert the dignity of the British flag by requiring prompt reparation for this outrage."

This resolution was advocated by the chairman, who considered that he was expressing the feeling of the people when he said that it was the duty of the people to impress on the Government the imperative necessity of vindicating the honor and dignity of the British name and flag.

Mr. John Campbell considered that there was reason to doubt whether the facts related and acted on by this meeting were in reality a breach of international law, and referred to the opinions of the law officers of the Crown as being in some measure inclined to show that such a step as taken with respect to the Southern Commissioners was justifiable under the existing state of international law. He urged the propriety of postponing the consideration of the subject till to-morrow.

Mr. Torr sustained Mr. Campbell's views.

The chairman suggested, in order to meet the objection of Mr. Campbell, to strike out the words "by requiring prompt reparation for the outrage." And thus amended the resolution was passed by nearly a unanimous vote.

Several merchants expressed their views after the adjournment that the meeting and its action was premature.

The London Times is more moderate in its comments on the Mason and Slidell capture than the News. While denying that the Federal Government, on its own position that the existing war is a mere rebellion, has a right to overhaul neutral ships, it nevertheless admits that England herself has established precedents which now tell against her in this matter of the Trent; but those precedents were made under circumstances very different, it asserts, from those which now occur. England was then fighting for existence, and did in those days what she would not do now, or allow others to do. In discussing the question whether Mason and Slidell were liable to capture, as belligerents or contrabands, on board the Trent, the Times states it as the opinion of very eminent jurists that this was not the question to be adjudicated by the boat's crew. The legal course would have been to take the ship itself into port for adjudication. It concludes with the expression that Englishmen will discuss the question with calmness, and appeals to the Federal States not to provoke a war by such acts.

The London Daily News of the 28th, says, in regard to the seizure of Mason and Slidell,—"The remote consequences of this act we shall not attempt to predict. Enough for the present time, it is one which will make it the duty of our Government to insist on ample, complete and immediate satisfaction. Its wanton folly bids us hope that Lieut. Fairfax was acting without instructions, and that the Washington Cabinet will no sooner learn what has taken place in the Bahama channel, than it will disavow the act, restore Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and tender the amplest apology. Nothing short of this reparation can be accepted.

"Until there has been time to receive news from Washington, we feel bound to believe that the seizure of the passengers on board the Trent was an act as much in excess of duty as it was in violation of public law. No government should know better than that of the United States the lines which separate the rights of billigerents and neutrals respectively. While we must submit to have our mercantile vessels stopped on the high seas by both parties in search of contraband, had Lieut. Fairfax confined himself to demanding Mr. Slidell's dispatches and taken them off, we must have acquiesced in his visit as one of the disagreeable occurrences incident to a voyage. Persons stand on a different footing. In the eyes of Mr. Seward Messrs. Slidell and Mason are rebels. In our eyes they are simply passengers, and the Washington government may rest assured we shall no more permit it to take its rebels out of our vessels than we should concede a similar right to Austria or Russia. Incidents like these are irritating, but the British people have the satisfaction of knowing that their affairs are under firm guidance. With the irascible Earl of Derby or the fussy Lord Malmesbury in power, we might well be concerned for the interests of peace at a time like this, but from the present government we may expect energy without precipitancy and prudence without weakness. Their course is tolerably clear, and it will be for the government of the United States to determine what shall be the future relations of the two governments."

The Star of Tuesday says:—A numerous party of loyal Unionists met on Monday, in St. James' street, London, to celebrate, by a dinner, the victory of Port Royal. The company heartily approved that General Scott should be entertained at a banquet in London.

☞ When people are crazy to marry, they attach no consequence to consequences.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW PREMIUM FOR 1862.

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STORIES, SKETCHES, WAR NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

Those wishing to economize in hese war times, cannot, we think, do better than to subscribe for that "oldest and best of the weeklies," THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia. For the small price of *two dollars* a year, (down to *one dollar*, in *clubs*,) a paper is sent, containing a summary of all the

IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE WEEK,

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We design commencing the new year with a story from the talented pen which has heretofore afforded our readers so much pleasure. The new story will be called

DAFFODIL'S DELIGHT;

OR,

A LIFE'S SECRET.

By MRS. WOOD, Author of "THE MYSTERY," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

FROM THE LOWER POTOMAC.

THE REBELS SHELLED AT FREESTONE POINT—LANDING OF A PARTY OF MEN FROM THE FLOTILLA—FOUR HOUSES BURNED, WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF STORES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The Secretary of the Navy to-day received the following letter from R. H. Wyman, Lieut. Commanding the Potomac Flotilla, dated on the United States steamer Harriet Lane, off Mattawowan Creek, Dec. 9, 1861:

Sir—I have the honor to report to you that this morning, about half-past nine o'clock, seeing the enemy's pickets, three camp wagons and a mounted officer coming down the road to the southwest of Freestone Point, and halting at some building near the beach, I directed the steamers Jacob Bell and Anacostia to shell the buildings I stood in with this vessel as far as the draft of water would admit, to protect them in the event of the enemy bringing a field piece to Freestone Point. After shelling the buildings and hill, and driving back the pickets, Lieut. Commanding McCrea landed with a few men and fired four houses, which have since burned to the ground. As eighteen hours elapsed before the fire subsided, I judge that the quantity of stores must have been considerable. The enemy fired but a few musket shots. The houses contained sutlers' stores, flour, &c.

FROM PORT ROYAL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The transport City of New York brings Port Royal dates to the 6th inst.

The steamer Atlantic reached Port Royal on the 2d inst.

Gen. Stevens, with 1,000 men, had occupied the town of Beaufort. Cotton picking was going on by the contrabands employed by our troops. The gunboat Pawnee, several transports, and a number of troops left Hilton Head on the 4th inst., to occupy Tybee Island. Gen. Sherman had appointed Col. Noble, of the 79th New York regiment, and Col. Suydam, to superintend the picking of cotton at Hilton Head and the adjacent islands. The health of the troops was good. No fighting had occurred. Gen. Viele's expedition would probably sail about the 12th inst.

INSANITY OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN.—The painful intelligence reaches us in such form that we are not at liberty to discredit it, that Gen. W. T. Sherman, late commander of the Department of the Cumberland, is insane. It appears that he was at times, when commanding in Kentucky, stark mad.

We learn that he at one time telegraphed to the War Department three times in one day for permission to evacuate Kentucky, and retreat into Indiana. He also, on several occasions, frightened the Union men of Louisville almost out of their wits, by the most astounding representations of the overwhelming force at Buckner, and the assertion that Louisville could not be defended.

The retreat from Cumberland Gap was one of his mad freaks. When relieved of the command in Kentucky, he was sent to Missouri, and placed at the head of a brigade at Sedalia, where the shocking fact that he was a madman was developed, by orders that his subordinates knew to be preposterous, and refused to obey. He has, of course, been relieved altogether from command.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

☞ They say that woman caused man to commit his first sin. But, if she hadn't induced him to sin in eating, no doubt he would very soon have sinned of his own accord in drinking.

FROM KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 10.—The report that Capt. Nevitt, with 40 men from Col. Burbridge's regiment, burned a bridge at Whippoorwill, five miles from Russellville, on the Memphis branch railroad, is confirmed.—They attacked the rebels guarding the bridge, numbering 13, killed 2, and took the remainder prisoners.

[Russelvill [illegible] of the rebel forces at Bowling [illegible] uction of this bridge cut [illegible] mmunication with Mem [illegible]

J. R. J [illegible] ster at Somerset, Ky., wri [illegible] of the 10th, that Zollicoffer has cr [illegible] umberland river, twenty miles below [illegible] boro, on a bridge formed of coal barges, with from 9,000 to 15,000 troops. We expect a fight to-morrow. The United States forces under General Shoepff are six regiments and two batteries. The Democrat discredits the above, failing to get a confirmation from its correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 13.—A special dispatch from Frankfort to the Commercial says there was no fighting at Somerset up to 8 o'clock this morning.

Zollicoffer was advancing, and was then near the town, with nine thousand men. Reinforcements were probably coming to his assistance.

The 31st Ohio regiment left Stamford this morning at daylight, in double-quick march, to assist Gen. Schoepff.

Humphrey Marshall is also invading Eastern Kentucky, with a formidable force.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 13.—At Bagdad, Ky., a party of secessionists have been endeavoring to make the Union men take an oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. On hearing of this, Col. Whittaker sent a squad to arrest them, but finding the odds too great, the secessionists firing on them, a courier was dispatched to Col. Lee, at Louisville, for assistance, which reached them this afternoon, and the force immediately proceeded to Jacksonville.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 13.—The Louisville Journal of yesterday says that all the regiments from Indiana, which have now the minimum number of men, have been ordered into Kentucky. This order will throw from 9,000 to 10,000 men into Kentucky during this and the coming week.

AN IRRESOLUTE MAN.

His life unstable, wavering stood,
Doubting and anxious still—
So that he came to do no good,
In fearing to do ill.

☞ Nothing is lost that it is possible to find by a diligent search.

☞ Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

☞ We have heard of many things on which topers contrive to get drunk, but of nothing so strange as that in the case of James Quigley, who, as reported, was convicted of having got drunk on the testimony of two police officers.

☞ A pair of stockings sent to the Ladies' Committee for the use of the soldiers, was accompanied by the following rhyme:—

Brave sentry, on your lonely beat,
May these blue stockings warm your feet;
And when from war and camps you part,
May some fair knitter warm your heart.

LATEST NEWS.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

WARLIKE NEWS FROM ENGLAND—THE RESTITUTION OF THE REBEL ENVOYS DEMANDED—AN APOLOGY INSISTED UPON—THE WARRIOR ORDERED TO ANNAPOLIS WITH THE ULTIMATUM—ARMS SHIPPED TO CANADA—THE EXPORTATION OF SALTPETRE, SULPHUR, AND GUNPOWDER PROHIBITED.

HALIFAX, Dec. 15.—The Royal Mail steamer Europa has arrived at this port with highly important intelligence.

The Europa has the Queen's messenger on board, with dispatches for Lyons.

The London Times, in alluding to the decision of the British Cabinet, that the arrest of Mason and Slidell is a clear violation of the law of nations, believes that Lord Lyons will be instructed by the first steamer to demand reparation, and if not complied with will be instructed to withdraw the Legation from Washington.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The Observer states that the government has demanded of President Lincoln and his Cabinet the restoration of the persons of the Southern envoys to the British government.

Yesterday afternoon, after 5 o'clock, her Majesty held a Privy Council at Windsor Castle. Three of her Ministers, including the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretaries of State and War, travelled from London to Windsor by special train, to be present.

Previous to leaving town the three Ministers had attended Cabinet Council at Lord Palmerston's official residence.

The Observer also says that a special messenger of the Foreign Office has been ordered to carry to Washington the demands of the British government for Lord Lyons, and will proceed to-day by packet from Queenstown.

The public will be satisfied to know that these demands are for an apology, and to insist on the restitution to the protection of the British flag the persons of those who were violently and illegally torn from that sacred asylum.

The Observer adds:—"There is no reason why they should not be restored to the quarter-deck of the British Admiral at New York or Washington itself, in the face of some ten or twelve men-of-war, whose presence in the Potomac would render the blustering Cabinet at Washington as helpless as the Trent was before the guns and cutlasses of the San Jacinto. It is no fault of ours if it should come even to this. The arrangements for increasing the force in Canada are not yet complete, but in a very few hours everything will be settled."

In the meantime, a large ship, the Melbourne, has been taken up, and is now being loaded with Armstrong guns, some 80,000 Enfield rifles, ammunition and other stores, at Woolwich.

It is not impossible that this vessel will be escorted by one or two ships of war.

The rifles are intended for the Canadian military, and a strong reinforcement of field artillery will be dispatched forthwith.

The Times' City article, of the 30th, says: "The position of the Federal States of America is almost identical, in every commercial point, with that which was occupied towards us by Russia before the Crimean war. Russia had a hostile tariff, while we looked to her for a large portion of our general supply of breadstuffs. But there is this peculiarity in our present case, that the commencement would be by the breaking up of the blockade of the southern ports at once, setting free our industry from the anxiety of a cotton famine, and giving sure prosperity to Lancashire through the winter.

"At the same time we shall open our trade to eight millions in the Confederate States, who desire nothing better than to be our customers."

At the Privy Council on Saturday an order was issued prohibiting the export from the United Kingdom or carrying coastwise gunpowder, saltpetre, nitrate of soda and brimstone.

The Times has no hope that the Federal Government will comply with the demands of England.

The Morning Star declares that the statement of instructions having been sent to Lord Lyons, to obtain the restitution of the Confederate Commissioners, or to take leave of Washington, was premature, and so exaggerated as to be virtually untrue.

The Liverpool Courier believes that the Warrior has been ordered to Annapolis with the ultimatim of the government.

LATER.

CAPE RACE, Dec. 15.—The steamer City of Washington passed here at 11 o'clock this morning, with dates by telegraph to the 5th inst.

The San Jacinto affair monopolizes attention, the press denouncing it in the strongest terms, and active naval preparations are making.

The latest by telegraph to Queenstown to the 5th inst. says:—The excitement is unabated. The Paris Temps repeats the statement that Napoleon has tendered his services as a mediator.

At the banquet at Rochdale, Mr. Bright made an elaborate speech on American affairs, but declined to give a decided opinion in the Trent affair. He believed that if illegal, the United States will make fitting reparation. He strongly condemned any warlike feelings, and scouted the idea that the American Cabinet had resolved to pick a quarrel with England, and made a brilliant peroration in favor of the north.

A letter from General Scott in favor of the maintenance of friendly relations between England and America attracts much attention.

The London Times continues to assert that it has been Mr. Seward's policy to force a quarrel with England, and calls for energetic military preparations in Canada.

The London Times predicts three things to immediately follow an outbreak with the United States, namely:—The destruction of the Southern blockade, the complete blockade of the Northern ports, and the recognition of the Southern confederacy by France and England.

A large number of naval vessels are ordered to be ready for immediate commission.

The iron plated steamer Warrior is to be ready for foreign service immediately, and her destination will depend on an answer from Washington.

The English funds fell one-half per cent. on the 3d.

The Paris Moniteur considers a peaceful solution not impossible. It says that public opinion in the United States is very powerful, but also is very fickle, and it would be best to await a solution.

The Journal des Debats approved of this, and reviews the Moniteur's article, and adds that the French government is in no hurry to recognize the South. Other French journals express the same opinion.

The German press generally takes the part of England. The Augsburg Gazette says that the blockade of Charleston is ineffectual, otherwise the escape of the Theodora would have been impossible. The commissioners having reached a Spanish port, and embarked on a neutral English steamer, could not be lawfully seized by the North.

GREAT FIRE AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

RUMORS OF AN INSURRECTION.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 13.—A telegraphic despatch to the Norfolk *Day Book* of to-day, from Charleston, S. C., states that a fire broke out in that place on Wednesday night, which was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, and at the date of the last despatch, five o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the conflagration was still raging.

The Round church, the theatre on Broad street, the Institute, and other public buildings, are stated to have been destroyed. The fire had swept across Broad street. Assistance was sent for to Augusta.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—Passengers by the Old Point boat bring many additional reports in relation to the Charleston fire. It is said to have originated in a mill on Broad street. The Mills House (the well-known principal hotel) and the Roman Catholic cathedral are also said to be destroyed.

No Norfolk papers have been received here, and the only account of the despatch published by the *Day Book* is contained in our letter from Fortress Monroe. There were reports of negro insurrections current among the passengers, but it is impossible to say whether they are well founded or not.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—Another report of the fire says it broke out at a sash factory.

Engines had been sent from Savannah, Columbia and Augusta, but they arrived too late to stay the conflagration.

The *Inquirer* has the following:

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—Despatches from Fortress Monroe state that passengers by the flag of truce boat from Norfolk bring accounts of a negro insurrection at Charleston, and that half the city is in ashes. The Richmond *Examiner* states that a large portion of Charleston is in ashes.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 14.—The Old Point boat brings the report of the discovery and prompt suppression by the military authorities of a negro insurrection at Charleston.

The account states that the plot was disclosed by the body servant of a military officer, who said that the negroes of the city were to be joined by large bands of negroes from the country, who were to come in armed at night. He said that the sash factory had been fired by a free negro, whom he designated and who has been arrested.

A small quantity of arms had been found under the floor of a negro cabin. They were all new and in good order. In other negro cabins knives and hatchets were found secreted.

The greatest consternation prevailed. Families were closing and barring their windows.

The fire companies being composed of men who are engaged on military duty elsewhere, the fire engines were worked by negroes, who broke and rendered useless the two best ones.

The offices of the Courier and Mercury are said to be destroyed.

Another account states that negro insurrections broke out in the interior of South Carolina two days before the fire, and are still raging unchecked; but this last report is not well authenticated.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—During the past four days the heaviest rain experienced for years has prevailed, causing a severe freshet in the valleys. The river broke through the levee and flooded Sacramento from one to four feet deep, this morning. The people were driven to the second story of their houses, and all business was suspended.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 11.—The steamer Golden Age sailed to-day for Panama, carrying four hundred soldiers and two hundred additional passengers, and $860,000 in treasure, destined for New York.

Among her passengers are Gen. Shields, who accepts the appointment of Brigadier-General, and Mr. McKibben.

The freshet from the recent heavy rains extends throughout the valley portions of the state, doing immense damage to farmers, drowning their cattle, carrying off bridges and fences, &c.

Portions of Marysville and Stockton are inundated as well as Sacramento.

The entire number of lives lost is not known.

Several brick buildings have fallen at Marysville.

The loss of property at Sacramento is estimated at half a million, affecting the property of the entire people.

Communication with many of the country districts is cut off, and business has been suspended.

The weather for the past two days has been pleasant and apparently settled, and the waters are consequently receding gradually.

The water has been from two to three feet deep in nearly every house in that city. One third of the city is still overflowed, but the water is slowly receding.

The funeral of Col. Baker is engrossing general attention in the city of San Francisco to-day. The entire volunteer and state military and civic organizations, with the citizens generally, combine to make up the largest procession ever witnessed here.

About $20,000 has been subscribed to the relief of the sufferers by the Sacramento flood.

UNION VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 14.—A special despatch from Cheat Mountain to the *Commercial* says that yesterday one of the hardest and best fought battles of the war was fought at Allegheny Camp, Pocahontas county, Western Virginia, Gen. R. H. Milroy commanding the Union troops, and Gen. Johnson, of Georgia, commanding the rebels.

The fight lasted from daylight till 3 o'clock P. M. The Union loss is about thirty, and the rebel loss over two hundred, including a Major and many other officers. Thirty prisoners were captured.

Gen. Johnson, of Georgia, was shot in the mouth, but not fatally injured. The Twelfth Georgia Regiment suffered most severely.

Gen. Milroy's force numbered 750 men, from the Ninth and Thirteenth Indiana, the Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second Ohio, and the Second Virginia Regiments.

General Johnson's forces numbered over 2,000.

The Ninth Indiana fought bravely to the last. After driving the enemy into their barracks no less than five times, our forces retired in good order.

The rebels set fire to their barracks and retired to Staunton.

General Milroy has thus driven the last of the rebel army out of Western Virginia.

☞ NEW METHOD OF EARNING A LIVING.—I have a little wee cousin, about three years old, full of fun and frolic. I paid his parents a visit not long ago, and the first face that I saw at the door was little George's, beaming with pleasure. I went up to him, and exclaimed playfully. "Why, George, what do you do for a living now?" Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "I eats."

☞ Marry if you would prosper; a pair are always four-handed—an individual never.

THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, nor low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

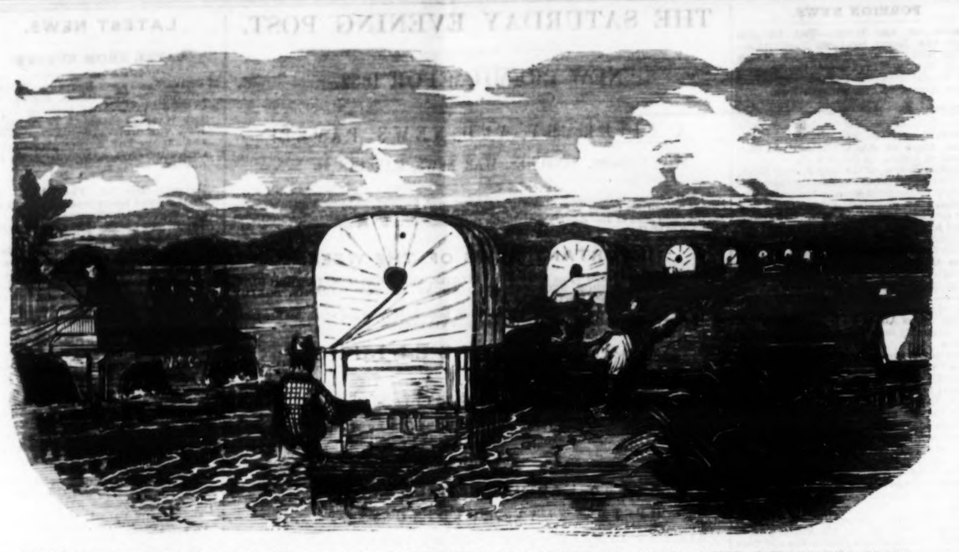
In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.



GOVERNMENT TRAIN AND THE WESTERN STAGE COMPANY'S COACH CROSSING SKUNK RIVER, DURING THE FLOOD.

A correspondent of the Illustrated News gives the above sketch of the difficulties of the Western travel during the rainy season. He says:—"Skunk River has very low banks, and in the Spring and Fall, during the wet weather, it overflows, covering the whole bottom, which is about two miles wide. The main road to Pike's Peak, Salt Lake, California and Oregon, crosses the river about five miles west of Newton. During the late flood the bottom was covered for ten days or two weeks. I had the pleasure of witnessing a large Government train, bound for Pike's Peak, loaded with powder, guns and provisions, cross. The river is a great impediment for movers, teamsters, &c., which throng the road at this season of the year. Many teams camp on the banks and wait until the waters recede.

"I arrived at the river about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and it was sundown before I got across. I waited, and waited in vain, for some conveyance to carry me over, and at last, finding that night was fast approaching, I took off my coat and put it in my carpet-sack, and 'pitched in.' Such a time is better imagined than described. The high grass, which grows from six to eight feet high, was hard to get through, the road being so full of oxen and ox drivers that I was compelled to make a road of my own. It was a little comfort to know that I was not the only one who was 'taking it afoot,' as all the men belonging to the train waded after the wagons. About midway there was a deep slough, and such pulling, and such hollowing, and such swearing, as it took to get the teams through, beats 'J. Ross Browne's adventures at Washo.' I took it easy, managing to keep up with the main body of the train.

"We met the stage about the deepest water, and to add to my ill luck, it contained a couple of ladies of my acquaintance from Des Moines. They greeted me with 'How do you do, Mr. B.? Taking it a foot, are you?' 'Yes,' said I. 'You look rather tough—must had a little to drink,' &c. I said nothing more, thinking to myself that had they waded as far as I had, they would look 'a little tough,' too.

"The stage was soon out of sight, and I was glad of it. The other side once reached, it was not long until I was in Newton. As I took a last look at the river from the high bluff scene in the distance (see illustration) I wished for once to be back in the eastern states.

"It is a great sight to visit Skunk River during high water. I need not say so, however, as many hundreds now in the east have seen it in years past. It is a very common thing for folks living in these parts. But when our men from the east come to look at the beautiful prairies, travelling in the stage, you hear some murmuring, 'How deep it is!' 'Do you cross in this?' 'Will it leak?' 'Is there no boat in the neighborhood?' &c., &c. There is no other way to go, and such scenes as I have illustrated occur every day."

AMERICAN PUBLIC EDUCATION.

[The following article from Mr. Holland's recent volume called "Lessons in Life," is worthy the consideration of the community. —*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

A venerable gentleman who once occupied a prominent position in a leading New England college, was remarking recently upon the difficulty which he experienced in obtaining servants who would attend to their duties. He had just dismissed a girl of sixteen, who was so much "above her business" as to be intolerable. The girl's father, who was an Englishman, called upon him for an explanation. The employer told his story, every word of which the father received without question, and then remarked, with considerable vehemence: "*It is all owing to those cursed public schools.*" The father retired, and the old professor sat down and thought about it; and the result of his thinking did not differ materially from that of the father. It was not, of course, that there was anything in the studies pursued which had tended to unfit the girl for her duties. It was very possible indeed for the girl to have been a better servant in consequence of her intelligence. There was nothing in English grammar or the multiplication table to produce insubordination and discontent. There was nothing in the whole case that tended to condemn public schools, as such; but it was the spirit inculcated by the teachers of public schools, which had spoiled this girl for her place, and which has spoiled, and is still spoiling, thousands of others.

Let us look for a moment into the influence of such a motto as the following, written over a school house door—always before the eyes of the pupils, and always alluded to by school committees and visitors who are invited to "make a few remarks:"

"*Nothing is impossible to him who wills.*"

This abominable lie is placed before a room full of children and youth, of widely varying capacities, and great diversity of circumstances. They are called upon to look at it, and believe in it. Suppose a girl of humble mental abilities and humble circumstances looks at this motto, and says: "I 'will' be a lady. I 'will' be independent. I 'will' be subject to no man's or woman's bidding." Under these circumstances, the girl's father, who is poor, removes her from school, and tells her that she must earn her living. Now I ask what kind of a spirit can she carry into her service, except that of surly and impudent discontent? She has been associating in school, perhaps, with girls whom she is to serve in the family she enters. Has she not been made unfit for her place by the influences of the public school? Have not her comfort and her happiness been spoiled by those influences? Is her reluctant service of any value to those who pay her the wages of her labor?

It is safe, at least, to make the proposition that public schools are a cure to all the youth whom they unfit for their proper places in the world. It is the favorite theory of teachers that every man can make of himself anything that he really chooses to make. They resort to this theory to rouse the ambition of their more sluggish pupils, and thus get more study out of them. I have known entire schools instructed to aim at the highest places in society, and the most exalted offices of life. I have known enthusiastic old fools who made it their principal business to go from school to school, to talk such stuff to the pupils as would tend to unfit every one of humble circumstances and slender possibilities for the life that lay before him. The fact is persistently ignored, in many of these schools, established emphatically for the education of the people, that the majority of the places in this world are subordinate and low places. Every boy and girl is taught to "be something" in the world, which would be very well if being "something" were being what God intended they should be; but when being "something" involves the transformation of what God intended should be a respectable shoemaker into a very indifferent and a very slow minister of the Gospel, the harmful and even the ridiculous character of the instruction becomes apparent.

There are two classes of evil results attending the inculcation of these favorite doctrines of the school teachers—first, the unfitting of men and women for humble places; and, second, the impulsion of men of feeble power into high places, for the duties of which they have neither natural nor acquired fitness. There are no longer any American girls who go out to service in families. They went into mills from the chamber and the kitchen, but now they have left the mills, and their places are filled by Scotch and Irish girls. Why is this? Is it because that among the American girls there are none of poverty, and of humble powers? Is it because they are not wanted? Or is it because they have become unfitted for such services as these, and feel above them? Is it not because they have become possessed of notions that would render them uncomfortable in family service, and render any family they might serve uncomfortable? An American servant, who good-naturedly accepts her condition, and knows and loves her place, who is willing to acknowledge that she has a mistress, and who enters into her department of the family life as a harmonious and happy member, may exist, but I do not know her. People have ceased inquiring for American servants. They would like them, generally, because they are intelligent and Protestant, but they cannot get them because they are unwilling to accept service, and the obligations and conditions it imposes. Where all the American girls are, I do not know. I can remember the time when thrifty farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen took wives from the kitchens of gentlemen where they were employed—good, intelligent, self-respectful women they were, too—who became modest mistresses of thrifty families afterward;—but that is all done with now. Under the present mode of education, nobody is fitted for a low place, and everybody is taught to look for a high one.

If we go into a school exhibition, our ears are deafened by declamation addressed to ambition. The boys have sought out from literature every stirring appeal to effort, and every extravagant promise of reward. The compositions of the girls are of the same general tone. We hear of "infinite yearnings," from the lips of girls who do not know enough to make a pudding, and of being polished "after the similitude of a palace" from those who do not comprehend the commonest duties of life. Everything is on the high-pressure principle. The boys, all of them, have the general idea that everything that is necessary to become great men is to try for it; and each one supposes it possible for him to become governor of the state, or President of the Union. The idea of being educated to fill a humble office in life is hardly thought of, and every bumpkin who has a memory sufficient for the words repeats the stanza:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

There is a fine ring to this familiar quatrain of Mr. Longfellow, but it is nothing more than a musical cheat. It sounds like truth, but it is a lie. The lives of great men all remind us that they have made their own memory sublime, but they do not assure us at all that we can leave footprints like theirs behind us. If you do not believe it, go to the cemetery yonder. There they lie—ten thousand upturned faces—ten thousand breathless bosoms. There was a time when fire flashed in those vacant orbits, and warm ambitions pulsed in those bosoms. Dreams of fame and power once haunted those hollow skulls. Those little piles of bones that once were feet ran swiftly and determinedly through forty, fifty, sixty, seventy years of life; but where are the prints they left? "He lived—he died—he was buried"—is all that the headstone tells us. We move among the monuments, we see the sculpture, but no voice comes to us to say that the sleepers are remembered for anything they ever did. Natural affection pays its tribute to its departed object, a generation passes by, the stone grows gray, and the man has ceased to be, and is to the world as if he had never lived. Why is it that no more have left a name behind them? Simply because they were not endowed by their Maker with the power to do it, and because the offices of life are mainly humble, requiring only humble powers for their fulfillment. The cemeteries of one hundred years hence will be like those of to-day. Of all those now in the schools of this country, dreaming of fame, not one in twenty thousand will be heard of then—not one in twenty thousand will have left a footprint behind him.

Now I believe that a school, in order to be a good one, should be one that will fit men and women, in the best way, for the humble positions that the great mass of them must necessarily occupy in life. It is not necessary that boys and girls be taught any less than they are taught now. They should receive more practical knowledge than they do now, without a doubt, and less of that which is simply ornamental, but they cannot know too much. An intelligent gardener is better than a clod hopper, and an educated nurse is better than an ignorant one; but if the gardener and the nurse have been spoiled for their business and their condition, by the sentiments which they have imbibed with their knowledge, they are made uncomfortable to themselves, and to those whom they serve. I do not care how much knowledge a man may have acquired in school, that school has been a curse to him if its influence has been to make him unhappy in his place, and to fill him with futile ambitions.

The country has great reason to lament the effect of the kind of instruction upon which I have remarked. The universal greed for office is nothing but an indication of the appetite for distinction which has been diligently fed from childhood. It is astonishing to see the rush for office on the occasion of the change of a state or national administration. Men will leave quiet and remunerative employments, and subject themselves to mean humiliations, simply to get their names into a newspaper, and to achieve a little official importance and social distinction. This desire for distinction seems to run through the whole social body, as a kind of moral scrofula, developing itself in various ways, according to circumstances and peculiarities of constitution. The consequence is that politics have become the pursuit of small men, and we no longer have an opportunity to put the best men into office. The scramble for place among fools is so great and so successful, that men of dignity and modesty retire from the field in disgust. Everybody wants to "be something," and in order to be something, everybody must leave his proper place in the world, and assume a position which God never intended he should fill. Look in upon a state legislature once, and you will find sufficient illustration of my meaning. Not one man in five of the whole number possesses the first qualification for making the laws of a state, and half of them never read the constitution of the country. I mean no contempt for the good, honest men of whom our state legislatures are principally composed, but I wish simply to say that there is nothing in their quality of mind, habits of thought, intellectual power, or style of pursuits that fits them for the great and momentous functions of legislation. They are there, a set of "nobodies," mainly for the purpose of becoming "somebodies," and not for any object connected with the good of the state.

Somehow, all the students in all our schools get the idea, that a man in order to be "somebody" must be in public life. Now think of the fact that the millions attending school in this country have in some way acquired this idea, and that only one in every one thousand of these is either needed in public life, or can win success there. Let this fact be realized, and it is easy to see that the nine hundred and ninety-nine will feel that they are somehow cheated out of their birthright. They desired to be in public life, and be "somebody," but they are not, and so their life grows tame and tasteless to them. They are disappointed. The men solace themselves with a petty justice's commission, or a town office of some kind, and the women—some of them—talk about "woman's rights," and make themselves notorious and ridiculous at public meetings. I think women have rights which they do not at present enjoy, but I have very little confidence in the motives of their petticoated champions, who court mobs, delight in notoriety, and glory in their opportunity to burst away from private life, and be recognized by the public as "somebodies." I insist on this:—that private and even obscure life is the normal condition of the great multitude of men and women in this world; and that, to serve this private life, public life is instituted. Public life has no legitimate significance save as it is related to the service of private life. It requires peculiar talents and peculiar education, and brings with it peculiar trials; and the man best fitted for it would be the last man confidently to assert his fitness for it.

Thousands seek to become "somebodies" through the avenues of professional life; and so professional life is full of "nobodies." The pulpit is crowded with goodish "nobodies"—men who have no power—no unction—no mission. They strain their brains to write common-places, and wear themselves out repeating the rant of their sect and the cant of their schools. The bar is cursed with "nobodies" as much as the pulpit. The lawyers are few; the pettifoggers are many. The bar, more than any other medium, is that through which the ambitious youth of the country seek to attain political eminence. Thousands go into the study of law, not so much for the sake of the profession, as for the sake of the advantages it is supposed to give them for political preferment. An ambitious boy who has taken it into his head to be "somebody," always studies law; and as soon as he is "admitted to the bar" he is ready to begin his political scheming. Multitudes of lawyers are a disgrace to their profession, and a curse to their country. They lack the brains necessary to make them respectable, and the morals requisite for good neighborhood. They live on quarrels, and breed them that they may live. They have spoiled themselves for private life, and they spoil the private life around them. As for the medical profession, I tremble to think how many enter it because they have neither piety enough for preaching, nor brains enough to practice law. When I think of the great army of little men that is yearly commissioned to go forth into the world with a case of sharp knives in one hand, and a magazine of drugs in the other, I heave a sigh for the human race. Especially is all this lamentable when we remember that it involves the spoiling of thousands of good farmers and mechanics, to make poor professional men, while those who would make good professional men are obliged to attend to the simple duties of life, and submit to preaching that neither feeds nor stimulates them, and medicine that kills or fails to cure them.

There must be something radically wrong in our educational system, when youth are generally unfitted for the station which they are to occupy, or are forced into professions for which they have no natural fitness. The truth is that the stuff talked to boys and girls alike, about "aiming high," and the assurances given them, indiscriminately, that they can be anything that they choose to become, are essential nuisances. Our children all go to the public schools. They are all taught these things. They all go out into the world with high notions, and find it impossible to content themselves with their lot. They had hoped to realize in life that which had been promised them in school, but all their dreams have faded, and left them disappointed and unhappy. They envy those whom they have been taught to consider above them, and learn to count their own lives a failure. Girls starve in a mean poverty, or do worse, because they are too proud to work in a chamber, or go into a shop. American servants are obsolete, all common employments are at a discount, the professions are crowded to overflowing, the country throngs with demagogues, and a general discontent with a humble lot prevails, simply because the youth of America have had the idea drilled into them that to be in private life, in whatever condition, is to be, in some sense, a "nobody." It is possible that the schools are not exclusively to blame for this state of things, and that our political harangues, and even our political institutions, have something to do with it.

What we greatly need in this country is the inculcation of soberer views of life. Boys and girls are bred to discontent. Everybody is after a high place, and nearly everybody fails to get one; and, failing, loses heart, temper, and content. The multitude dress beyond their means, and live beyond their necessities, to keep up a show of being what they are not. Farmers' daughters do not love to become farmers' wives, and even their fathers and mothers stimulate their ambition to exchange their station for one which stands higher in the world's estimation. Humble employments are held in contempt, and humble powers are everywhere making high employments contemptible. Our children need to be educated to fill, in Christian humility, the subordinate offices of life which they must fill, and taught to respect humble callings, and to beautify and glorify them by lives of contented and glad industry. When public schools accomplish an end so desirable as this, they will fulfill their mission, and they will not before. I seriously doubt whether one school in a hundred, public or private, comprehends its duty in this particular. They fail to inculcate the idea that the majority of the offices of life are humble, that the powers of the majority of the youth which they contain have relation to those offices, that no man is respectable when he is out of his place, and that half of the unhappiness of the world grows out of the fact, that, from distorted views of life, men are in places where they do not belong. Let us have this thing altogether reformed.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

The scattered crumbs upon the floor;
The rattling playthings by the door;
The finger-marks on paint and pane—
All are signals showing plain
There are little children here.

The tongs outstretched upon the floor;
A broken ark, and shipwrecked Noah;
A horse with tail, nor ears, nor mane—
All are signals showing plain
There are little children here.

The high chairs ranged against the wall;
The small coats hanging in the hall;
The little shoes, and little cane,
Add to the signals showing plain
There are little children here.

But now I must resign my pen;
The children have come back again;
They but ran out in mud and rain,
To bring new signals showing plain
There are little children here.

HINTS ON PUTTING OUT FIRES.

It should be firmly fixed in the mind of every man, woman, and child, that the best way to extinguish a fire is to smother it, that is, to shut out the access of air. If the clothes take fire, wrap them together closely, or throw around them a blanket, a sheet, another dress, a table-cloth, or a piece of carpet—anything that can be first got hold of. A newspaper, or handkerchief, suddenly spread over a flame and drawn down so as to at once shut out air, will extinguish or check the fire.

Where burning fluids are used, they frequently run over and take fire on the outside of the lamp. Usually, if held still, the excess of fluid will burn off with no harm. A sudden, heavy blast of breath will generally put out the flame. A cloth thrown entirely over it, will certainly put it out. Shaking the lamp through fright, or throwing it down, only makes the matter worse, by forcing out more fluid. Don't be afraid of an "explosion." It is next to impossible to explode even a burning fluid lamp. It is barely possible to do it by having the wick out of one tube, so that the flame can run down the opening; and then not one time in a thousand will there be just the right mixture of air and fluid vapor to produce explosion enough to break the lamp. There may be a little puff and report, and the dropping of the lamp in fright will throw out the fluid, or break the lamp if of glass, when of course there will be a flame, but one easily extinguished by means of a cloth. Dashing on water often scatters the burning liquid around the room, making the matter worse. Let it be remembered, that not one in the five hundred of the reported "explosions" of lamps, is really an "explosion" at all. They result from spilling fluid carelessly, or breaking a lamp. In the fright, the fluid is perhaps dashed over the clothing, and bad burns and even death may result, especially if the person runs out into the air, and thus fans the flame. After all that has been published and said on the subject, any person who will fill a lamp while burning, or do it near another burning lamp or fire, ought to be burned—a little.

If a fire occurs in a room or closet, do not throw open the doors and windows, and thus fan the flame. Close every aperture instantly until an abundance of blankets and water are secured, then throw open the door, and quickly smother the flame. No common substance will burn without air, except gunpowder, or nitre, or chlorate of potash, and such like compounds which of themselves furnish the oxygen to support the flame. Even phosphorus will instantly go out if simply smothered. If these simple directions were so fixed in the mind, that a person is prepared to act coolly, nine-tenths of all the fires, the suffering from burning of garments, and the so-called lamp explosions, would be avoided.—*American Agriculturist.*

A FRENCH STORY.

In 1769, a gentleman was passing late at night over Pont Neuf (Paris) with a lantern. A man came up to him and said: "Read this paper." He held up his lantern, and read as follows:—

"Speak not a word when you've this read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead!
Give us your money, watch and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick, in silence, you depart,
Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave the alarm, and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was arraigned.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up that just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be something valuable, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which act of politeness I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

☞ A grocer advertises in the following manner:—"Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked, sold by A. S. Dewey."

☞ COMPLIMENT TO THE CAVALRY.—Bugles are all the go for ladies' trimmings.

SPEAK BOLDLY.

Speak boldly, Freemen! while to-day
The strife is rising fierce and high,
Gird on the armor while ye may
In holy deeds to win or die;
The Age is Truth's wide battle-field,
The Day is struggling with the Night,
For Freedom hath again revealed
A Marathon of holy right.

Speak boldly, Hero! while the foe
Treads onward with his iron heel:
Strike steady with a giant blow,
And flash aloft the polished steel;
Be true, oh, Hero! to thy trust!
Man and thy God both look to thee!
Be true, or sink away to dust—
Be true, or hence to darkness flee.

Speak boldly, Prophet! Let the fire
Of Heaven come down on altars curst,
Where Baal priests and seers conspire
To pay their bloody homage first;
Be true, oh, Prophet! Let thy tongue
Speak fearless, for the words are thine—
Words that by morning stars were sung,
And angels hymned in strains divine.

Speak boldly, Poet! Let thy pen
Be nerved with fire that may not die;
Speak for the rights of bleeding men,
Who look to Heaven with tearful eye.
Be true, oh, Poet! Let thy name
Be honored where the weak have trod,
And in the summit of thy fame,
Be true to man! Be true to God!

Speak boldly, Brothers! Wake, and come!
The Anakim are pressing on!
In Freedom's strife be never dumb!
Gird flashing blades till all is won!
Be true, oh, Brothers! Truth is strong!
The foe shall sink beneath the sod—
While love and bliss shall thrill the song
That Truth to Man is Truth to God.

W. O. B.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Major Granville Varney and the officers from Brighton Barracks grew very friendly by the time the races were over. So friendly, indeed, did they become under the influence of such effervescent drinks as champagne, sparkling Moselle, and Burgundy, that when the last race—a selling stake—had been run; when the winner had been disposed of to some happy and spirited speculator, whose bids came from the neighborhood of the auctioneer's elbow, and who was not forthcoming to claim his purchase; when the canvas booths began to light tiny oil lamps for the convenience of such country folk as wished to finish the day's excitement by a dance; when stout Sussex farmers had had themselves and their families weighed in the real Jockey Club scale at a penny apiece: when the voices of noisy votaries of the turf were stilled in the narrow ring; when the course grew clear without the efforts of anxious rural policemen; when, in short, the business of the day was done, and only the loiterers, who had never had enough of pleasure, lagged behind, the Brighton officers refused to part with their new comrade.

"We've ordered dinner for half-past eight o'clock at the George, Chilton. Why not join us, Major? We can drive you over in our drag, and you can easily get a trap from Chilton to Lislewood."

"I should be delighted," said the Major, shrugging his shoulders; "but my friend—?"

"Bring Sir Rupert Lisle with you," said a dashing young captain, the chief of the party, and the most noble-hearted and generous of good fellows, although his father was a West End confectioner, and had won his thousands out of the stew-pan and the ice-pail,—"bring Sir Rupert with you: he doesn't look as if he had much to say for himself; but we'll do what we can to entertain him."

Captain Hunter and the Major strolled up to the Baronet's carriage to give the invitation. Sir Rupert was still pale from his encounter with the gipsy. The Major's proposition seemed a relief to him.

"I'll come," he said, eagerly; "anything for a change. Lislewood Park's dull enough. A man might as well live in a cemetery."

So one of the grooms drove the carriage containing Olivia Lisle and her sisters back to Lislewood Park, while Sir Rupert and the Major took their places in the drag belonging to the officers.

Captain Hunter drove, and the Major sat beside him on the box.

"We have to get back to Brighton to-night," said the Captain; "for we must be on parade to-morrow morning. Confounded bore, isn't it?"

The Major laughed merrily. "I've seen too much hard work in the Company's Service," he said, "to be able to feel any great compassion for your dashing dragoons."

"Oh, but 'pon honor, now, we do work jolly hard!"

It was dark when they reached Chilton. The principal apartment of the George was brilliantly illuminated with clusters of wax candles in plated branches. The long dinner table glistened with silver and glass, and the landlord was ready, in a tremendous white waistcoat, and a glossy suit of funeral black, to bring in the soup, and bid the gentlemen welcome.

They were very merry—rather noisily and confusedly so—sometimes almost uproariously so. Sir Rupert Lisle, seated at Captain Hunter's right hand, drank tumbler after tumbler of champagne, and joined in the mirth every now and then with a shout of coarse, unmeaning laughter, which very much added to the noise of the assembly, without in the least increasing any one's hilarity.

Once, when the sweets were placed upon the table, there was some playful allusion made to that trade from which the Captain inherited his handsome fortune. The joke was not, perhaps, a very brilliant one, but it came from an old comrade, and was meant so good-naturedly, that even a less amiable man than Captain Hunter might have taken it in good part. Sir Rupert Lisle, encouraged by this, tried to cut his own clumsy joke upon the same subject; but he was checked by such a frown from Major Varney, who sat opposite to him, that he stopped in the midst of his speech, and was silent for some time afterwards.

But as the night advanced he grew noisy again, drinking so much, and making himself altogether such a nuisance to the joyous little party, that Major Varney by-and-by rose from his seat, and taking the Baronet by the collar of his coat, led him into an adjoining apartment, where he told him to lie down and go to sleep.

"You are no more fit for society than those who reared you," he said to the white faced, besotted-looking young man. "Though your own cellars are full of the finest wine in England, you are such a sot by nature, that you can't see a few bottles of champagne, without getting drunk. Lie down, and sleep off your intoxication. Lie down!"

It is very seldom the lot of a gentleman, whose name is inscribed in the Baronetage, and whose estate is the finest in the county in which he lives, to be spoken to in such a manner as this; but Sir Rupert obeyed as quietly as if he had been some ill-conditioned cur, and the Major his master.

The harmony of the evening was certainly considerably increased by this proceeding on the part of Major Granville Varney. The officers gathered round the wide open windows of the apartment, and, lighting their cigars, looked out on the moonlit town of Chilton.

It had struck eleven from a gray old church tower on the other side of the market-place. The streets were deserted; a light burned here and there in the upper windows of the old-fashioned houses; a solitary policeman hung about the pavement on the opposite side of the street, with an ear, perhaps, to the noisy party at the George, and with an eye to divers half-crowns to be obtained therefrom before the night was out.

It was past one before the last champagne bottle rolled under the table, and the four prancing bays stood pawing the pavement of Chilton High Street, before the front door of the George.

"We shall have a glorious drive to Brighton," said Captain Hunter. "Shan't we fly across the moonlit downs, and dash clattering into Lewes, at about four o'clock this morning?"

The landlord of the George had provided a neat little dog-cart, with a fast brown mare, to carry the Major and Sir Rupert back to Lislewood.

"Give her her head," he said, as he brought the vehicle up to the door; "give her her head, sir, and let her go her own pace, without so much as taking the whip out of the socket, and she'll have you at Lislewood Park before you know where you are."

The Baronet had to be shaken, shouted at, and pulled half off the sofa, before he could be aroused from the sleep into which he had fallen. When at last he did open his eyes, it was only to look vacantly about him, and to ask, with an oath, where he was. Major Varney waited for no explanations, but taking the Baronet by the collar in the same manner as before, he led him stumbling down the staircase, and half lifted, half pushed him into the dog-cart.

There was a great deal of shaking of hands between the Major and the cavalry officers, and some considerable noise and clamor as the young men mounted to the roof of the vehicle—only one boyish ensign, for whom the wine had been too much, riding inside. The watchful policeman crossed the road, to remonstrate at this disturbance to the peace of Chilton; but, subdued by the expected half-crowns, the worthy functionary grew suddenly deaf—so deaf, indeed, that he had nothing to say when one of the officers produced a cornet-a-piston, and the drag drove off to the Post Horn Galop, played at the loudest power of the instrument.

Major Granville Varney was, as our readers must have discovered, of an eminently social disposition, and when he heard the drag rumbling and rattling away through the High Street, with the hearty voices of the young men sounding above the noise of the wheels, he felt a vague feeling of dislike to the thought of his own lonely drive.

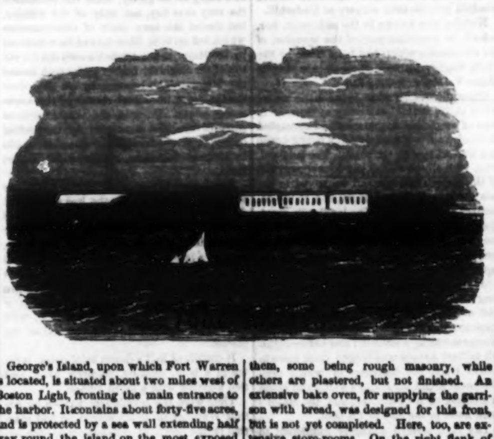
"I might have driven to Brighton with them, and slept at the Old Ship," he thought; "but then what could I have done with this clumsy, drunken, ill-conditioned lout?"

So the Major shook the reins, and gave the brown mare her head, and they were soon far away upon a lonely cross-road, that took them on their way to Lislewood.

"It's a dreary drive, even by daylight," muttered Major Varney; "all through lanes and cross-roads, and over a dismal common, broken up into gravel pits. I hope the mare's safe for such a road."

Sir Rupert fell asleep, bumping heavily against the Major's shoulder at every jolt of the light vehicle.

"I'm beginning to get tired of this," said the Indian officer, thoughtfully; "it isn't a pleasant thing to pass one's life as leader and trainer to such an ill-conditioned animal as this. I've made a good purse—enough to keep me in luxury for the rest of my life—and I've got that in my possession that gives me such a claim upon this mean-spirited cur as makes him my slave for life. I shall put my affairs into good order, and leave England with Mrs. Varney. We can establish ourselves at Florence, and pass the rest of our days in peace. We're both getting middle-aged, and stout, and lazy. We want repose—we decidedly want repose. Life has not been an idle one with us. We have done a little good in our way, and a little mischief in our way; but we have never committed a punishable offence, or put it into the power of that strange incarnation, the Law, to say, 'I've a hold upon that man.' It is a pleasant thing, at the close of a busy life," murmured the Major, almost piously, "to be able to say this."



George's Island, upon which Fort Warren is located, is situated about two miles west of Boston Light, fronting the main entrance to the harbor. It contains about forty-five acres, and is protected by a sea wall extending half way round the island on the most exposed part. The construction of the fort was commenced in 1833, under the direction of Col. Sylvanus Thayer, of the United States Corps of Engineers. The work was continued until 1858, when operations were suspended by the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriations. The fort is constructed of granite obtained principally from Quincy and Cape Ann. The sum of $1,050,000 has been expended by the government upon the work, and it is regarded as the best built and cheapest work of its size in the United States. The sum of $75,000 is required to complete the fort, and about $300,000 to properly arm it. It is rated the most formidable work of defence in the United States, the intended armament being 320 guns, while Forts Monroe and Adams mount respectively about 290 guns. When fully garrisoned the fort will require a force of between five and seven thousand men.

The quarters of the officers of the garrison are located in the casemates of the northwesterly front, which is pierced by the main entrance. There are eight sets of apartments, four of which, in the curtain, are finished, with marble mantles and fire-places, and plastered and painted in a style equal to first-class dwellings. Each set of quarters has a cistern of about twenty hogsheads' capacity. The balance of apartments are in different stages, just as the workmen left them, some being rough masonry, while others are plastered, but not finished. An extensive bake oven, for supplying the garrison with bread, was designed for this front, but is not yet completed. Here, too, are extensive store-rooms. On the right flank of the westerly front is an ice house, and a space in the casemate has been allotted to a chapel, capable of accommodating 400 soldiers. The stone for flagging the floor is piled up in the chapel, the walls of which are now plain brick and granite.

The casemate in the northeasterly front is divided into ten spacious apartments for barracks for troops, each 50 by 17 feet, and provided with two fire-places, well lighted and ventilated. In the centre of this face is a postern which, in time of assault, is designed to be connected with the cover face by a drawbridge, over which the troops, if repulsed, may retreat within the fort and close the heavy postern gates. There are apartments in the rear of each casement in the sea front which, if necessary, may be used for barracks. There are three circular staircases and four straight flights of stone stairs leading from the parade-ground to the terre-plein. Magazines are located in the extreme end of each face and curtain, in the rear of the guns.

There are two wells of excellent water in the fort, which have never failed. The landing on the west side of the fort has a granite front of 300 feet. Some attempt has been made to ornament the grounds surrounding the fort by planting from 800 to 1,000 shade trees. They are, however, quite young, and as yet do not afford much shade.

Major Granville Varney was not a drinking man, and he was, furthermore, a man who, by reason of his iron nerves and unimpaired constitution, could drink a great deal without being in the least affected by it. The few glasses of wine he had taken at the George had seemed, if anything to give his mind a more than usually active tone, and he drove on, full of serious reflections. Serious, but not unpleasant reflections. If Granville Varney had ever had a conscience, he had strangled that unpleasant mentor at so very early a period of its life, that he had no recollection of that remote time when its still, small voice had power to perplex him with tiresome remonstrances.

"The beauty, or, I may almost say, the symmetry, of my life," said the Major, "has resulted chiefly from one thing,—namely, my careful study of the law. Man, on entering upon the world, finds himself face to face with one great enemy—the law. If he cheats at cards, the law has him; if he gets into debt, the law is down upon him; if he marries a second wife, the first still surviving, the law says, 'No, you don't!' If he owes money to a man, and that man happens to die rather suddenly, the law wants to know all about it. Life is a drawn battle between him and the law, and it is only by finding out the weak points of his enemy, that man has any chance of becoming victor. But the enemy has its weak points. Yes," said the Major, shaking the reins gaily, "the law has its weak points, and I have made them my study. The law punishes the tool, and not the workman who employs the tool. The law is inflexible to the machine, but it cannot come near the master mind that sets the machine in motion. The law is fond of a scapegoat, and you have but to throw the meaner villain into the Old Bailey dock, and blind and stupid, pig-headed and self-satisfied criminal law pounces upon its pitiful victim, while the master workman looks on from the ranks of the spectators, and laughs at the sacrifice."

With such pleasing reflections as these, Major Ganville Varney beguiled the moonlit lanes between Chilton and Lislewood, while his duller companion bumped from side to side of the little vehicle, in a stupid drunken sleep.

Throughout the county of Sussex there is not, perhaps, an uglier bit of road than one dreary mile between Chilton and Lislewood. A steep hill, with a winding, rugged carriage-way, scarcely wide enough for the wheels, bordered on one side by a bit of craggy moor, and on the other by a gravel pit shelving abruptly down from the very edge of the road.

A less experienced charioteer than Major Granville Varney would have no little risk of driving over this sharp edge in the uncertain moonlight; but the Indian officer had been used to rough roads, and drove quietly up the steep ascent with a light hand and a wary eye to the narrow path, along which the brown mare was creeping.

Towards the summit of the hill there was a group of straggling bushes that had grown up since the gravel had been dug out years before. These bushes stood out black and distinct against the moonlight, and close beside them the Major fancied he saw the sharp outline of a man's figure.

He was not mistaken. When he reached the top of the ascent the man quietly advanced, and laid his hand upon the horse's head.

"Can you give me and my mate a lift, master?" he asked.

"No," said the Major, "I can't, my man. I've ten miles to go, and my load's heavy enough as it is. Let go of the mare's head, will you?"

"No, I won't, master. You might speak a bit more civil, I think. It's quite as well I came up with you. Don't you know as your trace is broken?"

"No."

"It is, though. Get out and look."

The man was perfectly right. The Major dismounted, and examining the trace in the spot pointed to by the man, found that the leather had become worn and rotten just where the buckle fastened it, and had dropped asunder.

"This is awkward," said Major Varney. "Have you got a bit of rope about you?"

"Not a inch," answered the man; "but there's a cottage just below the hill yonder, if you go down there maybe they'll give you what you want."

"Good. Sir Rupert, get down, will you?"

But the Baronet was deaf to any such appeal. He had slidden from the seat to the floor of the vehicle, and lay coiled up in a heap upon the rug.

"Look ye here," said the man; "they don't know you down at you cottage, and, maybe you might stand knocking there till daylight before they'd answer you; but they know me, and they'll do anything as I ask 'em. I'll tell you what I'll do for you. I'll walk your horse down the hill, call the folks up and get the trace mended, and you can wait here till I give you a shout."

At any other time the Major might have felt some slight suspicion as to the motives of this man's civility; but he was tired and sleepy, and had just then no particular fancy for leading the horse and vehicle down the crumbling bit of shelving roadway. He therefore accepted the man's offer with a yawn, telling him to look sharp, and he'd get a half crown for his trouble.

Left alone upon the little height, he stood with the cluster of bushes behind him, and the silvery moorland stretched before. He looked at his watch, for the moonlight was bright enough for him to see the hands. It was twenty minutes past three.

"We've lost no time," he muttered, "between Chilton and this. We shall be at Lislewood by half-past four."

He took out his cigar case and lighted a cheroot.

He was pulling stoutly at the red spark that alternately glowed and faded in the sharp night air, when he was startled by a fierce, hurried breathing at his side.

He turned sharply round, and found himself face to face with a man—big, broad-shouldered, slouching, awkward-looking fellow, dressed in a countryman's smock frock.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" cried the Major between his teeth, without taking the cigar from his mouth.

The man made no reply.

The sudden appearance of this man in so solitary a spot, and at so strange an hour, joined to his ominous silence, would have chilled the innermost heart of a coward; but the Major's indomitable spirit only rose in the danger of the moment.

"Who are you?" he cried, throwing away his cigar, and putting his hand upon his massive watchchain. "Who are you? You'd better speak, unless you want me to throw you into that gravel pit."

"Take care I don't throw *you* into that gravel pit," said the man suddenly, in a hoarse, discordant voice, not unfamiliar to the Major. "I don't want your watch," he cried, scornfully. "I might have taken that from you four years ago; but not now! not now! It's *you* I want, body and soul. Your sleek, over-fed body, and your bitter black soul! Come on! It's my life against yours!"

The man twisted his coarse muscular hands in the Major's loose cravat; but not before the Major had caught him by the collar of his smock frock.

Linked together so, the two men wrestled upon the narrow pathway, swaying backwards and forwards; now dragging each other to the brink of the precipice, now with a mighty effort reeling away from it, only to be dragged back to it again.

Throughout this struggle the Major was quiet and self-possessed, wrestling with the calm prudence of a professional pugilist, always on his guard, and ready to snatch every advantage. The other man, on the contrary, was maddened with a loud, headlong fury, shouting and screaming as he struggled, and gasping out curses at his opponent. A very wild beast, only more horrible, from being gifted with the powers of speech.

"I told you," he shrieked, "I told you to look out, if ever I came back from the place you sent me to. I told you to beware, and I told you true. I've come back. I've come back through toil, and trouble, and starvation. I've come back for the one end of my wicked life. I've come back to murder you, and I'll do it!"

The words rose in a sharp clamor on the quiet atmosphere. Neither far nor near about the moonlit country side was there a creature to hear the outcry, or to interfere between the two men.

"All the money your wickedness has ever earned wouldn't bribe me," gasped the Major's opponent. "All the jewels you ever wore scattered at my feet wouldn't save you from one blow. I hate you! I hate you, and I've come here to murder you! do you understand?"

Still the Major did not answer; his white and delicate hands twisted in the collar of the man's loose garment, and his bright blue eyes dilated with a fierce stare, he did not utter a word, but quietly struggled on.

The man was enraged by his silence.

"You know me," he gasped, "you know me, and know what good cause I have to hate you. You used me, did you, to work your ends for you? You made a tool of me, and laughed at me when you'd done. You found out a secret about me, and you held it over my head. You found out how I shot a man near Sevenoaks, a man as crossed me, and a man as I hated, but not one hundredth part as I hate you. Do you hear?"

"I do," said the Major, quietly.

Science and coolness of temper had got the best of the struggle; the Indian officer stretched Gilbert Arnold upon the pathway, and set his knee upon the man's chest.

But the poacher had come prepared for the worst. As his foe bent over him, the flashing blue eyes fixed upon his purpling face, one slender hand twisted in his bird's-eye neckhandkerchief, Gilbert Arnold, by a powerful effort, contrived with his disengaged arm to draw an awkward, rusty pistol from his trowsers pocket. Before Major Varney could be aware of the movement, the poacher had pulled the trigger, and fired the charge straight into the face of his foe.

The Indian officer rolled over his murderer in a ghastly heap, expiring without a groan.

Gilbert Arnold disengaged himself from the dead man, and, deliberately ransacking the Major's pockets, took his watch and a quantity of loose gold, and a leather purse containing notes.

The Major had been fortunate in his venture on Chilton racecourse.

Then, with a savage cry of triumph, the poacher dragged his victim by the heels to the edge of the gravel pit, making a track of blood as he went, and hurled the corpse into the hollow.

It rolled slowly down, sometimes stopping in its course, arrested by the shrubs scattered about the mouth of the pit, then disengaging itself by its own weight, and rolling on till it fell with a splash into some stagnant water at the bottom.

The gipsy Abraham was far away along the road when this happened. He had taken the dog-cart to the bottom of the hill, then, lashing the mare with a savage violence, had set her galloping madly off, dragging the rocking vehicle behind her.

"This night's work will about finish Sir Rupert Lisle!" he muttered, as he listened to the faint clatter of the receding wheels. "It seems a poor revenge for the murder of the lass; but it's something, anyhow!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BROUGHT TO AN ACCOUNT.

The village of Lislewood rang with the news of an accident which had befallen the master of Lislewood Park. Early on the morning after the races, Sir Rupert Lisle was found by a party of laboring men going to their work, lying, ghastly and blood-bespattered, upon a lonely bit of road between Chilton and Lislewood; the shattered ruins of a dog-cart in the ditch by his side, the shafts broken, one of the wheels off, and the harness cut to pieces.

The men took a hurdle from one of the fields near, and laying the motionless form of the Baronet upon this rude litter, carried him upwards of three miles to a village called Underhill, about half-way on the road to Lislewood, and took him straight to the surgeon of the place.

They found the simple village practitioner seated at breakfast, from which meal he rose aghast when he saw the state of the patient the men had brought to him. A crowd of villagers, with prying, scared faces, clustered about the door and window of the little surgery, as Sir Rupert Lisle was laid along the counter at the surgeon's direction.

One of his legs was completely shattered by the violence with which he had been thrown from the vehicle; the ribs on the right side were broken, and there was a dislocated shoulder.

The surgeon looked very grave as he ascertained all this. "Did the men know who the gentleman was?" he asked.

"No; they knew nothing of him but what they had already told. They had found him lying on the roadside, with the trap broken to bits in the ditch agen him."

"It was a bad case," the surgeon said—"a very bad case—he might say, a desperate case."

All this time Sir Rupert Lisle lay in a dull, heavy swoon, unconscious of any verdict which might be passed upon his state; utterly unconscious of that state itself.

They found a mother-of-pearl card-case in his waistcoat pocket, from which they learned his name and rank.

The Underhill surgeon was a struggling young man, who had never had the good fortune to heal the ills of anybody above a rich farmer, or a retired tradesman. He turned almost as white as his patient at the thought of having a real Baronet all to himself, under his own hands, in his own surgery. He was so flurried at the thought of this happy privilege, that he was rather puzzled as to how he should best avail himself of it.

His first course was to turn sharply round upon the curious bystanders and drive them about their business.

"Come," he said, "keep clear of that door and window, will you! There's no getting a breath of air in the place while you crowd round like that. Go back to your work, can't you, and give Sir Rupert Lisle a chance of coming to himself again."

Sir Rupert Lisle! It was Sir Rupert Lisle, then, of Lislewood Park, who was lying, with a ghastly face, and dusty, blood-stained garments, upon the counter in Mr. Dawson's surgery.

It is not to be supposed that this piece of information made the villagers any more willing to disperse; they only went away very demonstratively for about two minutes, to creep quietly back at the end of that time. But Sir Rupert Lisle showed no inclination whatever to awake to any consciousness of his sufferings. They gave him hartshorn and ammonia, they delgued his pale face with vinegar and cold water; but when at last he opened his bloodshot eyes, it was only to stare wildly about him for a few moments, and then to close them again with a convulsive shudder.

After some deliberation, the young surgeon decided upon what course to pursue. He sent one of the villagers to the chief inn of the place, with orders to get the best vehicle that was to be had, and to bring it round to the surgery immediately.

Half a dozen people set off to execute this commission, while all the rest remained behid to stare at Sir Rupert Lisle. I think the honest rustics had a notion that Mr. Dawson would set the Baronet's shattered limb in half an hour or so, and restore him to health there and then, for their edification.

A great, unwieldy, broad-shouldered, roomy fly, drawn by a knock-kneed white horse, came rumbling over the rough pavement of the village street, and stopped with the noise of a stage-coach at the surgery door.

Sir Rupert Lisle was lifted on to one of Mr. Dawson's mattresses, and the mattress laid carefully across the vehicle, supported by a clever arrangement of the old worm-eaten cushions. Armed with some lotions, a sponge, and a bottle of hartshorn, the surgeon stepped into the fly, after having given a few brief directions to a very elderly charioteer, and seated himself by the side of his patient.

Mr. Dawson had decided on carrying the young Baronet straight to Lislewood Park, and there placing him in the hands of his relatives and friends.

Olivia Lisle sat at the breakfast-table by the open oriel window in the library. She was not alone, for Mrs. Granville Varney lounged in an easy chair on the other side of the window, yawning over a county paper. To say that the two women agreed, would be, perhaps, to say too much; but they never disagreed. Adeline Varney asked nothing from life but handsome dress and sumptuous dinners, a carriage to ride in, and a fine house to shelter her. Give her these, and she cried quits with Fortune, and became the most amiable and easy of creatures. Her residence at Lislewood Park secured all these. She felt that the Major was the real master of the place, and that whatever advantages the Sussex mansion afforded were as free to her as to Olivia Lisle.

Neither of the ladies had been at all alarmed by the protracted absence of the Baronet and his friend. Olivia took no more interest in her husband's movements than she would have done in those of some obnoxious cur, and Adeline Varney felt so entire a confidence in the powers of the brilliant Major, that had he been away for a month, she would have been perfectly happy in the certainty that he had some good reason for his absence.

So the two ladies lounged over the breakfast—Lady Lisle, absent-minded and gloomy, staring vacantly into the luxuriant flower-garden; while Mrs. Major Varney amused herself, now picking at the wing of a pigeon, now munching a scrap of dry toast, now peeling an apricot, or cutting a great Guernsey pear into quarters, and hovering about the delicacies of the table with epicurean relish.

"Do you know, Lady Lisle," said Mrs. Varney, after watching Olivia lazily for some moments, through the half-shut lids of her sleepy, almond-shaped eyes,—"do you know that I can sometimes fancy a likeness between you and a man who died in this house."

"You mean Captain Walsingham."

"Yes, poor Arthur Walsingham, who married your pretty, flaxen-haired mother-in-law, and sat himself down to finish his life in this splendid prison. There is a look in your face that I have seen in his a hundred times,—the look of a person who has made a terrible mistake."

"I *have* made a mistake!" cried Olivia, with a dark frown; "you know that as well as I. I wonder you dare speak to me of these things."

Mrs. Granville Varney lifted her black eyebrows with the prettiest air of innocence.

"My dear Lady Lisle," she said, "pray remember that I know nothing. Whatever secrets my husband may have, they are secrets of his own, and I am a great deal too stupid to be trusted with them."

She shrugged her ample shoulders with a playful gesture, and strolled out of the room, singing a joyous barcarolle.

Half an hour afterwards Olivia ordered her horse, and left the Park for a long morning scamper over the downs.

She passed a lumbering fly crawling slowly along in the road between Lislewood Park and the downs, but she was too absorbed in her own gloomy thoughts to notice either the vehicle or its occupant.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon before she re-entered the gates of Lislewood. The woman at the lodge looked at her with a set and solemn countenance, full of meaning. She was dying to tell her mistress of the catastrophe. Her husband came out of the cottage smoking his pipe; while about the garden gate stood two or three of the villagers, who were on visiting terms at the lodge, and had crept in to get the first of the news, and carry it back to Lislewood.

Olivia perceived the strange eagerness in the scared faces of these people, each dying to tell her the evil tidings.

"What is the matter?" she said to the lodge-keeper. "Why are these people here?"

This was sufficient to unloose the woman's tongue.

"Oh, my lady! Poor Sir Rupert! Poor dear gentleman!—but keep up your heart, my lady, don't give way now, there's a sweet dear lady. He may get over it yet, ma'am, the London doctor is with him, and everything's abein' done, so don't give way now."

But Olivia Lisle showed no sign whatever of giving way. Her face changed to a dusky pallor, her large black eyes dilated, and when one of the villagers, more officious than the rest, brought a glass of water from the lodge and offered it to her with an obsequious air of compassion, she dashed it from the man's hand with an angry gesture that sent the glass shivering into atoms upon the gravel pathway.

"Has anything happened to your master?" she said to the woman in sharp, clear accents.

"Oh, but my lady, it was to be kept from you, and you must please not to take on—"

"Has anything happened, woman? Answer me, will you, yes, or no?"

"Yes, my lady," the woman stammered. "Sir Rupert has had a fall out of a carriage, and his life is nigh give over; but don't take on now—that's a dear lady—"

Before the woman could finish her consolatory speech, the dear lady had lashed her mare across the shoulders, and was flying down the avenue leading to the house.

The bystanders looked at each other curiously as the horse disappeared under the shadow of the beeches.

"How strange she takes it!" murmured the lodge-keeper. "Quite angry and fiercelike; but not a bit overcome. If it had been me, I should have screamed in the 'sterics till you might have heard me up at the village."

Her husband nodded his head in confirmation of this assertion. These very 'sterics were terrible weapons which his wife held over him on every occasion.

"Some folks does take things different to others," he said, sententiously; "but," he added, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, "I *have heerd* as how Sir Rupert and my lady don't lead the pleasantest life together."

Lady Lisle walked straight to the room adjoining that in which her husband lay. Two grave doctors were whispering together in one of the windows, while Mr. Dawson, the surgeon from Underhill, stood at a respectful distance, rubbing his hands nervously.

Sir Rupert's house-steward had telegraphed both to London and Brighton for medical assistance, and Mr. Dawson felt himself completely useless between the two eminent surgeons, who stared superciliously at him through their gold double eye-glasses, and gave little doubtful coughs when he told them his treatment of the Baronet.

Pale and self-possessed, with her riding hat in her hand, and her heavy black hair falling about her shoulders, Lady Lisle appeared before the three medical men.

"Sir Rupert is in danger, I hear," she said, quietly; "will you be so kind, gentlemen, as to tell me the extent of that danger?"

"Madam," murmured one of the doctors, blandly, "medical science will do its very best for Sir Rupert Lisle. You may depend upon that. If he is to be saved, we will save him."

"But you apprehend a difficulty in saving him?" she asked.

They had been prepared for sobs and lamentations, and her quiet manner almost threw them off their guard.

"We do, madam, a serious difficulty—"

She had been very pale before, but as the London surgeon pronounced these words, which, from the tone in which they were said, sounded like the Baronet's death-warrant, her face grew ghastly white, and she put her hand to her head, as if trying to collect her senses.

Mr. Dawson ran to her with a chair, thinking that the shock had overcome her.

"She is not going to faint," murmured the Brighton surgeon, looking reproachfully at Mr. Dawson, who blushed at the mistake.

"Gentlemen," said Olivia, gravely, "you will do your best for your patient, I know. Whatever medical skill can effect, must be done. If you require other aid, I implore you to send for the most eminent men in London. Let nothing be left undone. The issue is in the hands of Providence; we can but await it quietly."

There was something in Lady Lisle's manner so utterly different from the ordinary conduct of a wife under such circumstances, that the three doctors looked at each other simultaneously.

Olivia sank into a chair near the table, and buried her face in her hands.

She was praying that she might not feel a wicked joy in the accident which had befallen the master of Lislewood.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AT REST.

There was one question whispered every now and then upon the lips of all the servants in the Lislewood household—Where was Major Granville Varney?

The two men had left the racecourse together, and only one of them had been found upon the lonely road between Chilton and Lislewood.

If Olivia Lisle was calm and quiet in the midst of this scene of confusion and calamity, it was not so with Mrs. Granville Varney. The distracted woman rushed from room to room, crying out every moment that her husband must be dead, or he would never have abandoned the Baronet.

It was in vain the terrified servants tried to reassure her. The Major might have stayed at Chilton; he might have gone to Brighton, and left Sir Rupert to drive home alone; there might be a hundred reasons for his absence.

"Don't talk to me," she cried, "I tell you he is dead, or he would have returned with that young man. For pity's sake some of you go and search the road between this and Chilton."

The grooms and stable boys galloped off at dusk to seek for the Major, as the servants of Lislewood had set out years before to look for the lost heir.

Their search was finished before midnight. Looking to the right and the left, under every hedge and into every ditch, they had come to the gravel-pit, with its crumbling hollow and waving crown of bushes. Here, lying in the stagnant, blood-stained water, at the bottom of the pit, they had found him whom they sought, stark and ghastly, with his dead face staring up at the moonlit sky. Before daybreak they had carried him back to Lislewood, and laid him on his own bed—the luxurious bed in which, for years, he had slept the peaceful sleep of an innocent man.

His grief-stricken wife sat by his pillow throughout the next day, weeping and lamenting over him, while all Sussex rang with the news of his murder, and in every village street throughout the county men read a placard, setting forth how one hundred pounds reward would be given to any one who could furnish information that would lead to the apprehension of the murderer.

The county magistrates went in and out of the stately Lislewood mansion all day long, while London detectives took hasty luncheons in the basement, and interrogated eager servants, only too glad to be allowed to speak.

When the clothes were removed from the dead man, they found a leathern strap and tiny steel-clasped pocket-book fastened about his waist. This book was opened by the magistrates in solemn conclave.

It contained a half-sheet of foolscap, on which was a confession, written by Major Varney, signed by James Arnold, *alias* Sir Rupert Lisle, and witnessed by Alfred Salamons.

It was framed in very simple language, and ran thus:—

"I, James Arnold, otherwise Sir Rupert Lisle, do hereby confess and avow that, at the instigation of my father, Gilbert Arnold, now, to the best of my belief, in America, I willfully passed myself off as Sir Rupert Lisle, of Lislewood, in the county of Sussex, and by this fraud have obtained possession of the afore-mentioned Sir Rupert Lisle's estate, being perfectly aware that the said Sir Rupert is now living in the county of York. Dated this tenth day of October, 18—

"JAMES ARNOLD, *alias*
"RUPERT LISLE.

"*Witness*, ALFRED SALAMONS."

Mr. Alfred Salamons came very willingly to bear testimony to his signature. The bewildered magistrates asked him what he knew of the document.

"Only this, gentlemen," said the Israelite, whose eyes were red and inflamed with weeping; for the valet had been sincerely attached to his master; "only this, gentlemen. My master came by chance upon the knowledge that this young scoundrel was an impostor. The Major might have had him up before a court of justice, and have had the rightful heir restored to Lislewood; but courts of justice is queer places, and possession is nine points of the law, and the rightful heir was not forthcoming; so my master thought it best to let well alone, if only for the sake of the young lady that was married to this so-called Sir Rupert."

"So," said one of the magistrates, "he compounded a felony, did he? He concealed his knowledge of this infamous affair, and suffered the real Sir Rupert to be kept out of his rights. Very bad, very bad!"

"He's dead and gone," said Mr. Salamons, quietly. "If you've got anything to say against him, you'd better not say it to me. I've served him for nineteen years and upwards, and I always found him a good master."

With which remark, Mr. Salamons turned upon his heel, leaving the magistrates to settle the matter as they could.

All this time James Arnold, otherwise Sir Rupert Lisle, lay in a weary stupor, watched over by the two medical men, and at a respectful distance by Mr. Dawson; for the country practitioner held firmly by the patient, who had dropped like some blessed windfall into his little surgery at Underhill.

Nothing was known in the sick-room, nor, indeed, in any other part of the mansion, of the discoveries which had been made by the grave magistrates closeted together in the late Major Varney's dressing-room.

Other discoveries were being made meanwhile at the farthest extremity of Sussex. A man of suspicious appearance had attempted to change a five-pound note at a public-house in a little village on the coast. The landlord, who, with all the rest of the county, was full of the Major's murder, had contrived to detain the man while he telegraphed to the detectives at Lislewood. The landlord's suspicions flew shivering along the wires from station to station, and in four hours a grave-looking elderly gentleman dropped into the taproom where Gilbert Arnold sat smoking strong tobacco, and stupifying himself with long draughts of beer. The grave gentleman had arrested half-a-dozen men already on suspicion, but he made no difficulty whatever in apprehending a seventh; and before nightfall Gilbert Arnold was lodged once more in Lewes Gaol, the searchers of which establishment found the Major's watch and chain in a corner of his knapsack, and the Major's bank notes in the heel of his boot.

The man seemed strangely indifferent to his imminent peril. He let the searchers do what they pleased with him, and sat staring straight before him, with a fierce, unnatural light burning in his yellow-green eyes.

The prisoner in the next cell heard him talk to himself very often in the dead hours of the night.

"I came back to do it," he muttered. "I said I'd do it, and I kep' my word. They may hang me if they like, but I kep' my word."

He took a savage pleasure in repeating this, chuckling aloud, and rubbing his great horny hands. In the dim gray dawn the ghastly face of his victim glared at him from the shadows of his narrow cell; but he did not shrink from the hideous spectre as another murderer might have done; he rather invited and defied it.

"I see you," he said; "I see your false blue eyes and your lying smile, your foxy whiskers and your sly, wicked mouth. But I've kep' my word, and I've made you pay for all. Scores are clear between us now, Major Granville Varney."

Three days after Gilbert Arnold's arrest, his wretched son expired; but not before he had attested, in his last moments, to the genuine nature of the document found upon the murdered man.

"Yes," he gasped, "that was my signature. But it was none of my doing. From first to last it was the Major did it all."

One of the medical men waited upon Olivia in her solitary apartment, to tell her of her husband's death.

She received the tidings very quietly, but a few minutes afterwards, for the first time in her life, fell fainting from her chair.

They sent for her father, and once more the Colonel held his darling child in his arms.

"I have been cruelly punished for my wicked ambition," she sobbed. "I have known nothing but misery and humiliation within these walls. Take me away, papa; take me back to the Grove; take me home, if you will let me call it home again."

Claribel Walsingham was away at Hastings while these strange events were so rapidly succeeding each other. One of the magistrates, an old friend of the family, went to her, to tell her of all that had happened, and to consult with her upon the best means of finding her son, if the real Sir Rupert still lived.

The first and simplest step to be taken, was to put an advertisement in the Times newspaper. It was worded simply thus:—

"Sir Rupert Lisle.—Any person able to afford information respecting this gentleman, is requested to communicate with Mr. Wilmore, solicitor, Lislewood, Sussex."

The advertisement was answered two days afterwards by Mr. Walter Remorden in person.

It was a strange story that the young curate told to the Lislewood solicitor,—a story already partly known to the reader, and which was confirmed by the presence of Richard Saunders, the obscure lad, educated at Belminster, and who solemnly declared himself to be the real Sir Rupert Lisle. His story was sufficiently clear. He told of the accident upon the hill called Beecher's Ride; of how he awoke in a hospital, where he lay for months, and where he was taken by a man who called himself his uncle George, but whom he remembered as the servant of a big gentleman with yellow whiskers and moustachios. He told of the lonely sea-side village at which he had lived with an old nurse; and he told that dismal story of the means which uncle George, otherwise Mr. Alfred Salamons, had taken to make him believe all his childish memories the delusions of a diseased brain.

They sent for Mr. Salamons to confirm the young man's story, but that gentleman had left Lislewood Park very quietly while the magistrates were gravely deliberating what they should do with him.

But there were other means by which the story of the young man known as Richard Saunders could be confirmed. There was maternal instinct, which led Claribel Walsingham to open her arms, with a wild cry of delight, and a thrill of affection such as she had never felt for the impostor, James Arnold. There was the young man's own rapture at the sight of his mother.

"I remember you as if you were a dream, mamma," he cried, as Claribel clung about his neck; "I remember you so well, dearest mother; but you had long, fair curls then, and I used to play with them, and with your gold chain; and I remember the room they called the nursery, and papa's picture. I have talked of them so often when they called me mad."

But the strongest confirmation of all came at the assizes, when Gilbert Arnold was tried for the murder of Major Granville Varney, and being found guilty, made full confession the very next day, not only of the murder, but also of the long train of circumstances which led up to it. How he had been induced by the Major to substitute his own son for the son of Sir Reginald Lisle, that by such means the Major might become, by his hold over the impostor, the actual master of the Lislewood estate. He told the whole intricate story of the plot concocted by the Indian officer, and confirmed the statement made by Richard Saunders, otherwise Sir Rupert Lisle.

So Claribel Walsingham returned with her son to the house which she had abandoned during James Arnold's usurpation, and found on her return that Mrs. Granville Varney had quitted Lislewood for the continent, leaving a letter and a sealed packet behind her, addressed to Mrs. Walsingham. It was a long letter, crossed and re-crossed upon two sheets of note paper. Claribel's cheeks grew white as she read its contents; then, with trembling fingers, she broke the seal of the packet.

It contained half-a-dozen brief notes, written in a bold, dashing, soldierly hand, and tied together with a faded ribbon.

They were the love-letters written by Arthur Walsingham to the actress he had married in the town of Southampton,—the actress whom he abandoned on his wedding-day; and with whom he afterwards negotiated an informal separation, on stringent terms, through the means of Major Granville Varney.

This was the history of that terrible power which the Major had possessed over Arthur Walsingham.

Claribel thrust the little packet between the bars of the grate, and watched the letters till the last fragment of burnt and blackened paper floated slowly up the chimney. Then, with a composed face and tranquil manner, she left the apartment to look for her son.

She found him in the dining-room contemplating his father's portrait.

"Rupert," she said, laying her slender hand upon his shoulder, "Rupert, you will learn to love me very dearly,—will you not? I have led a very unhappy life until this hour, and I look to you, and to my poor boy Arthur, for the happiness of the future."

Is it necessary to tell much more?

Need we tell of that dreary morning upon which, impenitent and hardened to the last, Gilbert Arnold came tottering out of Lewes jail, to suffer the last sentence of the law?

Need we look further on to a happier day, nearly a year afterwards, when there were two weddings at Lislewood church, and the beadle was once more in a pleasant flutter of importance?

There is no splendor at the double wedding. The village children have new dresses, it is true, and have been out for days ransacking the woods for flowers to strew the pathway of brides and bridegrooms. There is to be an ox roasted in Lislewood Park, and ale enough to drown half the parish; but there is no fashionable crowd, no long string of carriages; only a simple procession of two happy couples, attended by about a dozen friends.

First, Mr. Hayward's daughter Blanche, leaning on the arm of Sir Rupert Lisle, and smiling brightly on the school children, who throw their flowers under her feet; while close behind them comes Walter Remorden, with Olivia by his side. Colonel Marmaduke has given his daughter into the curate's hands with a pride and happiness he never felt in the marriage which had seemed such a splendid one.

The worthy rector of Lislewood obtained a better living from the bishop of the diocese, and abandoned the pleasant rectory shut in by shady gardens, and close under the shadow of the gray old church tower, to Walter Remorden and his wife.

The poor of Lislewood learned to bless the day which brought them Blanche, Lady Lisle; the third who had borne that name within twenty years.

At the Rectory and at the Park reigned alike that pure and simple happiness, so intense in its sweet tranquillity, that we tremble in so clear a sky at the smallest cloud that can overshadow the horizon.

Mrs. Granville Varney (so-called) lived and died in Paris, leaving behind her a considerable part of the handsome fortune which the Major had nursed so snugly from his pretty pickings out of the Lislewood property.

Poor Rachel Arnold came out of the County Asylum, to be once more mistress of the pretty Gothic lodge at the gates of Lislewood, and to hear childish voices echo under the long beech avenues in which Sir Rupert Lisle had played seventeen years before.

[THE END.]

☞ A WITTY ROGUE.—A man was brought up before a country magistrate for poaching in preserved covers. "So, my man," said the worthy justice, "you've got into a game preserve, eh?" "No," said the man, "please your worship, I've got into a pickle."

☞ General Butler was looking on the map the other day, when a gentleman asked him where his Expedition was going to.—"I am looking at the place now," replied the General. The gentleman couldn't see it.

☞ It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought! Each subsiding century yields some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves.

☞ CURIOUS AND CHARACTERISTIC.—The last words ever written by Lord Macaulay, as may be verified by reference to the fifth volume of his History of England, are: "Canvassed actively on the Whig side!"

☞ "IN EVERY BUSH HE SEES AN OFFICER."—Nine years before he died, verging on 70, Sydney Smith said one of the evils of age was thinking every little illness was the beginning of the end. When a man expects to be arrested, every knock at the door is an alarm.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, the question of inquiring into the expediency of abolishing the Supreme Court was modified into a reference to the Committee on Judiciary of all that portion of the President's Message relating to the Judiciary. An interesting debate relative to the propriety of inquiring into the cause of the disasters at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff also occurred. The resolution of inquiry was carried with but three nays. A resolution requesting the President to devise a system of exchanging prisoners with the rebels was passed.

On the 10th, Mr. Foote offered a resolution, which was laid over, to expel Waldo P. Johnson from the Senate, for treason. Mr. Wilson introduced a joint resolution, which was referred, to provide for the payment of the Commissioners appointed to investigate claims against the Western Military Department. Bills were introduced and referred, to acquire territory for the colonization of free blacks, and to reorganize the military depart ment of the army. The resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present United States Judicial system, and establishing another in its stead was adopted. The death of Senator Bingham, of Michigan, was announced by Mr. Chandler, who gave a biographical sketch of the deceased, and was followed by Messrs. King, Clark and Sumner in eulogies. The usual resolutions of respect were passed.

On the 11th, Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was agreed to, instructing the Military Committee to inquire and report what reduction may be made in the expenses of the army. The same Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, requiring the War Department to report respecting facilities to enable the volunteers to send home their pay to their families. Mr. Powell presented resolutions adopted by the Kentucky Legislature, asking Congress to afford some relief to the distressed people of Ireland.—They were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Chandler offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Military Committee to inquire and report on the expediency of appointing a joint committee of Congress to retire any improper officers in the army or navy. The death of Senator Baker was then announced, and the usual proceedings occurred.

On the 12th, a resolution was passed that the Naval Committee be instructed to inquire into the expediency of appointing pupils in the Naval Academy on account of merit. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to provide for the appointment of a Solicitor of Claims in the State Department. A resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for Commissioners to revise the United States statutes, simplify the language and reduce the size. Mr. Foot introduced a bill to authorize the President to fill up the West Point cadet corps. Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Inspector General, Quartermaster General, and Commissary General of Subsistence to report what articles ought to be sold by the sutlers to the volunteers. Mr. Wilson said that the evidence of medical men proves that the system as now existing is injurious to health and efficiency, and the Sanitary Commission had passed a resolution against it. He read a circular which had been issued to the sutlers to collect money to uphold this system and prevent legislation against it. The House resolution about General Lyon and his comrades was referred, as also was a resolution from the same body relative to an exchange of prisoners. A resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the expediency of providing a more efficient mode of retiring improper or incompetent officers of the army. The resolution to expel Senator Johnson, of Missouri, was referred to the Judiciary Committee, to obtain further evidence. The bill to reorganize the navy was taken up. It provides for retiring officers after forty years' service, to establish the grade of Flag Officer to command squadrons, to distribute two hundred medals of honor for petty seamen for gallantry. It was passed.

Adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 9th, a bill was introduced by Mr. Roscoe Conkling, of New York, to cover the cases of fraudulent speculators upon the government, or persons obtaining contracts by bribery, and bring them to punishment by military or naval court martial. The bill was referred to the Committee on Judiciary. A motion to request the President to lay before Congress copies of all proclamations or orders issued since the 4th of March last, relative to the pending contest with rebellion, was lost by a vote of 68 to 63.

On the 10th, a resolution was adopted requesting the views of the Attorney-General on the retrocession of the Virginia portion of the District of Columbia. The Committee on Public Lands reported a bill giving a homestead free to actual settlers, and a bounty of $30 to volunteers in lieu of land. The House concurred in the Senate resolution for a joint committee to inquire into the conduct of the present war, with power to send for persons and papers. Mr. Pendleton moved to refer back to the Judiciary Committee the memorial of the imprisoned Baltimore Police Commissioners, with instructions declaring that Congress alone had power under the Constitution to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; that the exercise of that power by any other department of the government is a usurpation, and dangerous to public liberty; and that the prisoners be released from confinement, indicted and tried. Mr. Pendleton made a long speech in support of this motion, which was replied to by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and then the whole subject was laid on the table by ayes 108, nays 28. A Message was received from the Senate announcing the death of Senator Bingham, of Michigan, and after speeches in eulogy of the deceased, and the passage of the usual resolutions, the House adjourned.

On the 11th, the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a resolution, which was adopted, to refer to that Committee all resolutions, petitions, communications and documents about the recognition of the independence of Liberia and Hayti. Mr. Holman offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Public Lands to report what railroads have received land grants on condition of transporting troops, &c., free of charge. Mr. Blair offered a resolution, which was adopted, tendering the thanks of Congress to Gen. Lyon's comrades, recognizing his eminent services, directing the name Springfield to be placed on the flags of the regiments engaged in that battle, and ordering the resolution to be read at the head of all the regiments in the U. S. army. Mr. Noell offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Naval Committee to report on the expediency of establishing a naval depot at Cape Girardeau, Mo. A long debate took place on a resolution directing the President to recall Gen. Halleck's fugitive slave order, at the end of which the resolution was laid on the table. It was informally stated that the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads had framed a bill to abolish the franking privilege and to increase the revenue. A message was received from the Senate announcing the death of Senator Baker, and the usual proceedings took place.

On the 12th, Colonel Blair read a letter from Gen. Halleck, explaining his general order about fugitive slaves as merely a military precaution, involving no political principle, and intended to keep his lines clear of the enemy's spies. Mr. Blair introduced a bill to raise 20,000 twelve months volunteers for the defence of Kentucky. It was postponed.

Adjourned until Monday.

FROM MISSOURI.

GLASGOW, MO., Dec. 8.—The notorious marauder, Captain Sweeny, and his band of robbers, who have for some time past kept this section of the country in terror, were captured yesterday at Rogers's mill, near here, by a detachment of cavalry under Capt. Morrill. Sweeny's pickets were surprised and captured, and his whole band, 35 in number, taken without firing a gun.

OTTOVILLE, MO., Dec. 11.—The Union men who have arrived from Lafayette county, report that 700 rebel recruits left Lexington yesterday morning to join Gen. Price's army.

A band of Mexicans, sixteen in number, from the rebel army, were captured near Hurtsburg on Monday.

A son and son-in-law of Col. Magoffin have also been taken. They were the leaders of the foray on our teams near Georgetown on Saturday.

The scouting party which left here about ten days ago is said to have surprised a rebel camp in Saline county, capturing a large number of wagons and taking fifty prisoners.

It is rumored here that Gen. Price is advancing northward.

LEAVENWORTH, Dec. 12.—Col. Morgan, in command of the troops at Weston, has issued a proclamation to the citizens of Platte county, in which he calls upon them to aid him in protecting the railroads, and calls upon absentees to return, assuring them protection to their persons and property if loyal.

No negroes are to be allowed to enter the lines or to leave without passes. All marauding parties of armed men will be shot.

Col. Morgan's force is composed of Missourians enlisted under Governor Gamble's call.

A strong force, including Col. Jennison's regiment, the 8th Kansas, Col. Wessell, a portion of the 10th Missouri, and other troops, have been ordered to West Point, Bates county, Missouri.

Reports from Gen. Price's army state that he made a speech at Osceola, vowing vengeance on Kansas for the burning of that place.

A skirmish took place on the 6th inst., on the border of Johnson county, between the Missouri refugees, aided by some Kansas troops, and a body of rebels. Three of the latter are reported as killed.

SEDALIA, MO., Dec. 12.—The scouting expedition composed of a part of Merrill's horse and two companies of regular cavalry, returned here this afternoon, bringing in as prisoners four captains, two lieutenants, and about forty rebels. They also captured one mortar and a large number of horses and wagons.

The expedition went as far as Waverly. They report that a force of 2,000 rebels remains at Lexington. Shelly's men were seen and pursued several miles.

The man who hauled down the American flag at Lexington, after Col. Mulligan's surrender, has been arrested here as a spy.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 13.—The following order has been issued by Gen. Halleck:—

"In order to suppress entirely and prevent any aid, assistance to, or communication with any person or persons directly or indirectly disloyal, or in arms against the Federal government, the entire commerce of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers has been placed under military control and surveillance, and no boat will be permitted to take freight or passengers, or be allowed a clearance, except those authorized and commissioned by the proper military authorities.

"All owners, officers, and employees of boats will be required to take a strong oath of allegiance; and any owner or officer committing any act contrary to the above-expressed object of this order will cause the immediate forfeiture of the boat and cargo to the Federal government, and such owner or officer will be subject to the penalties prescribed by the article for giving aid to the enemy."

Gen. Price's rebel army in Missouri is reported to be melting away by desertion. Gen. Pope, the Union commander, has established schools of instruction for ignorant volunteer officers, and will enforce strict rules. He commands between the Osage and Missouri rivers.

The rebels have again captured and occupied Lexington, Mo., under command of Generals Rains and Stein. Gen. Prentiss, with 3,000 Union troops, was on the opposite side of the river, and had thrown a few shells at them. At the last accounts, a battle was reported to be raging.

☞ DEATH FROM A WASP.—A singular accident occurred recently at Villers-les-Pots, near Auxonne (Yonne). A workman named Valanchot, in eating some plums after dinner, put into his mouth one, in the centre of which a wasp had introduced itself through a slit, and on the plum being pressed, the insect issued from its place of concealment and stung the man severely in the palate. Swelling ensued, and in spite of all that could be done for him, he expired in two hours and a half, of suffocation.

☞ A story is told of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor about twelve o'clock one winter's night, and on his coming to the door coolly inquired, "Have you lost a knife, Mr. Brown?" "No," growled the victim. "Well, never mind," said the wag, "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

☞ A darkey who blacks boots at the National Hotel, in Washington, has the following motto conspicuously displayed over his stand:—

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH,
NO EAST, NO WEST,
NO TRUST."

☞ INDIA RUBBER.—This gum is now employed for almost everything, and we shall not be astonished to see it converted into an article of food, a small pill being sufficient for any stomach, its power of expansion and compression adapting it to any sized abdomen, large or small.

☞ Every day that you live you purloin from life; you live at the expense of life itself.

☞ "Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are striking me, it goes tolerably easy; but if you're shaving, it goes rather hard."

The Bombardment at Pensacola.

A private letter from an officer in Fort Pickens states that Col. Brown had all his guns shotted for two or three days, waiting until the rebel boats that had habitually plied between Pensacola and the navy-yard were safely hived at the latter, when he opened fire. The result was two of them were sunk and others disabled.

Several interesting incidents of the bombardment are related in private letters. We quote a few:—

We were under a continuous and heavy fire from the forts and batteries of the enemy, fourteen or fifteen in number, for days, when a loss of only one private killed, and one sergeant, one corporal and four privates wounded; and which is singular, but one man was hurt on the ramparts, the most exposed place.

You can have some idea of the amount of fire we gave and received, when I tell you that we consumed fifty thousand pounds of powder, and that three guns were fired every minute for two days. The avalanche of shot and shell was terrible, and our soldiers did their duty as Union soldiers fighting for their country should, and most ably did officers and men perform their whole duty.

The navy, unfortunately, could not give us the assistance we expected, in consequence of drawing too much water, and we therefore failed in the great object of our hopes, the capture of Fort McRae.

About two-thirds of Warrington is burned, and although we cannot see it, I think as much of Woolsey, a village north of the navy-yard, and a good many buildings in the yard are burned, and the remainder must be shattered by the heavy shot and shell so unceasingly poured upon them.

A letter dated November 25, says:—During Saturday and Sunday nights we could see the camp fires of two or three parties on shore, who are doubtless engaged in erecting batteries for our reception, but I do not think it is the commodore's intention to engage them. They have strewed their fortifications all along the beach, and contain only one or two guns in each, while at the same time they are protected by the woods. To silence such fellows, it is necessary to have a ship for each one, and even then I doubt if it could be accomplished. It requires a landing party, and a force sufficient to take possession of the whole place.

I question whether Col. Brown will attempt to do much more. He has effected his purpose—that of destroying the winter quarters of the rebels, and although they succeeded in putting out the fire in the navy yard, he has shown them that it will be a very unsafe operation to commence work there again, as he can and will set fire to it again if they make the attempt.

A sad accident happened at Fort Pickens this morning. As some of the men were removing the "fuses" and emptying the powder from the shells that fell inside the fort and did not explode, a spark of fire from the chisel used in removing the fuse caused one of the shells to explode, killing five men and wounding two.

The following additional items are from a detailed account of the battle published in a Providence paper, written on board the U. S. fleet:—

The object was to destroy the navy yard, so as to put a stop to their use of government property and tools in building any more extensive means of defence, and to batter down some of their fortifications. Orders were given to our engineers to place bags filled with coal around such portions of the machinery as were exposed to shots, and nearly all the work was done which is necessary to "prepare ship for action."

Early on the morning of the 21st, the flag-officer went on shore to confer with Colonel Brown in regard to preliminaries. At 12 o'clock he returned, and then we received orders to complete all necessary arrangements. Orders were dispatched to the Richmond and Montgomery, then in port, giving them directions how to act, and the word was passed that we should move in at daylight, so as to engage Fort McRae, the water battery, and the sand battery, just in front of Fort McRae, all three of which could bring their guns to bear upon either Fort Pickens or the shipping.

We could form no idea of the strength of these places, but it was highly important that we should draw their fire, as they enfiladed the parapet guns of Pickens. It had been arranged that as soon as the steamers came down from Pensacola to the navy yard, the fort was to open fire upon them, so as to sink them, if possible, and cut off all means of bringing down reinforcements from the town, and the first gun from the fort was to be the signal for us to move in and open fire.

About half-past nine we could see the steamers coming down to the navy yard, little suspecting that their doom was sealed. In a very short time they were fast to the dock, and at just twelve minutes of ten we saw a smoke issue from Fort Pickens, and heard the booming of the gun.

By twelve o'clock both the Richmond and Niagara, together with the guns bearing from Fort Pickens and battery Scott, were all playing into Fort McRae and its surrounding batteries. We averaged one shell every three minutes, and as the Richmond had more guns, though smaller, and more than our number of guns were being served from Santa Rosa, there were about two shells each minute being fired at this point.

About one o'clock a firing commenced from a masked battery which disclosed itself in the woods along the shore, and about a mile south of McRea.

At two o'clock a shell from one of our guns set fire to a frame house in the rear of McRea, and much of the time the fort has been enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Soon after this fire broke out, their flag staff was shot away, and the symbol of treachery came down by the run. Subsequently it was raised again.

After we had become well engaged in the fight we hardly thought of or had time to look at Fort Pickens. Once in a while I would cast a glance that way, and I could see that the semicircle of batteries around her were keeping up a constant explosion of shell over her loyal walls, while from out her sides there came a steady stream of smoke, and I could see that the shots took good effect. We had already made two good holes in McRea, and Pickens had knocked a hole that a horse and cart might enter in.

A letter dated November 23, says:

As I commence to write to-night, the whole sky is illuminated by the burning of the town of Warrington and the navy-yard. The former has been burning since 2 P. M., but the latter has just taken fire. The sight is grand, sublime, anything you choose to call it, only we are too tired to look at it. The forts and batteries have just ceased firing. Fort Pickens must have fired over one thousand shot and shell to-day.

It is reported that letters of marque, obtained from the Mexican Government, are held by parties in New York, granting the privilege of preying upon the commerce of England, France and Spain, which Governments are about inaugurating a war upon the Mexicans, and that vessels are fitting out at New York under these letters, to sail under the Mexican flag and capture prizes.

NEWS ITEMS.

FRANKFORT, KY., DEC. 10.—Hon. Garrett Davis has been elected U. S. Senator for the remainder of Breckinridge's term. He received 84 votes in the Legislature to-day to 12 for his opponents.

ALBANY, DEC. 12.—Mary Hartung who has been imprisoned three years and a half on the charge of poisoning her husband, was unconditionally released by Judge Wright to-day.

RUMORED ATTEMPT OF BRECKINRIDGE AND HUNTER TO GET TO EUROPE.—HALIFAX, DEC. 13.—It is strongly rumored here that Breckinridge and Hunter applied for a passage to Europe on the steamer Canada, but were refused in consequence of a telegram from Secretary Cameron, warning the agents of the Cunard steamship line against the consequence of carrying rebels. Mr. Cunard emphatically contradicts this report.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE.—The official returns of the vote for Mayor at the New York charter election are as follows:—Opdyke 25,380; Gunther 24,766; Wood 24,167. Opdyke's majority 614 over Gunther.

REFUGEES from the south report the utter stagnation of business in New Orleans, the constant apprehension of an attack, the scarcity of all the necessaries of life, and the impressment of every man between the ages of 18 and 45 years. At Nashville an attempt to draft citizens created a riot, in which four policemen were killed, and the mob rushed to the capital to attack Gov. Harris, who fled to Memphis. The hospitals at Nashville are filled with sick soldiers.

A DEPUTATION from the south-western Indian tribes west of Arkansas is now in Washington, to investigate the political condition of things. Its members have expressed surprise at finding all so different from the rebel representations.

RELEASE OF MR. FAULKNER.—BOSTON, DEC. 11.—Ex-Minister Faulkner has been released from Fort Warren on parole, and has gone to Richmond to endeavor to exchange himself for the Hon. Mr. Ely.

THE first military execution which has taken place during the war, occurred on the Potomac, on Friday, the 13th, in presence of about 7,000 of Gen. Franklin's division. The deserter, Wm. H. Johnston, who was shot, was one of the Lincoln Cavalry.

DISPATCHES FROM COM. DUPONT.

Capt. Dupont, in his communication to the Navy Department, dated the 4th inst., says that the apprehension of losing possession of the Bay of St. Helena, so extremely valuable for a harbor, from its proximity to Charleston, and for the command it secures of large rivers supplying the interior communication with South Carolina induced him to send a second expedition there, under commander Drayton, with orders to hold the island until Gen. Sherman is prepared to assume military occupation of it, when he will transfer the post to his troops.

The reconnoissance by Com. Rodgers, of Warsaw Inlet, was in order to ascertain the position and force of the enemy's battery there, information of which the commanding General expressed his desire to obtain before landing troops on Tybee Island. In the necessary occupation of St. Helena Sound and Tybee roads, and in the examination of Warsaw Inlet, a large number of vessels of the squadron is engaged, which will be released and employed in blockading duty as soon as Otter and Tybee Island are held by the army. Warsaw Inlet and Sound constitute a second entrance into the Savannah river, and as 21 feet can be carried over the bar at high water, this passage is but little inferior to Tybee entrance.

It appears from a private letter that our guns are but ten miles from Savannah, the steeples of which are plainly visible from the decks of our ships as they ride at anchor. It seems to be understood that in addition to our occupation of Beaufort, General Viele was at once to be sent with a considerable force to occupy the most important point in the new approaches to Savannah, and that another force will go about the same time on a similar errand in the direction of Charleston to hold certain strategic points.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury was sent in to Congress on Monday, 9th. Its contents are of vital importance. He recommends a non-extension of the foreign trade, an increase of the duties, a more absolute reliance on American labor, the imposition of taxes on bank notes, tobacco, stills, liquors, legacies, etc., and the substitution of United States treasury notes for the whole system of local bank paper, which, as the circulation of the latter amounts to $150,000,000, would add that much to the national resources for present use. The actual and estimated expenditures for the fiscal year 1862 are stated at $543,406,422 06, and the actual and estimated receipts at $329,501,994 36, making a deficit of $213,904,427 68.

The estimated expenditures for the fiscal year 1863 are stated at $475,331,245, and the estimated receipts at $95,800,000, leaving a balance of $379,531,245 to be provided for. The whole amount required from loans is thus stated:—For the fiscal year 1862, under existing laws, $75,499,675; for the fiscal year 1862, under laws to be enacted, $200,000,000; for the fiscal year 1863, also under laws to be enacted, $379,531,245 51; making an aggregate of $654,980,920 51. The total may be stated in round numbers at $655,000,000. The public debt is estimated as follows:—On the 1st day of July, 1860, the public debt was $64,769,703 08; on the 1st day of July, 1861, $90,867,828 68; on the 1st day of July, 1862, the public debt will be $517,372,802 93; on the 1st day of July, 1863, $897,372,802 93.

This debt, Mr. Chase thinks, the country could pay in thirty years.

THE ESCAPE OF THE SUMTER.

CENSURE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE IROQUOIS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The brig T. W. Rowland, Capt. Rowland, arrived here last night from St. Thomas, Nov. 27. Capt. Rowland states that the captain of the Iroquois is entirely to blame for the escape of the pirate Sumter from Port Royal, Martinique.

A man was sent ashore from the Iroquois to signalize the movements of the Sumter, and on the night of the 23d he made signals that she was leaving the harbor, but no notice was taken by the captain of the Iroquois. His first lieutenant tried to persuade him to give chase, which could have been done and the pirate captured, as she draws a foot more of water than the Iroquois, but he would not hear to it, saying it would be very unpleasant for him to capture her, as he and Semmes had been schoolmates, and Semmes had been his superior officer, and also, he did not want to violate the neutrality laws. The movements of the Sumter were plainly seen from the deck of the Iroquois, the former taking a southerly course. The captain of the Iroquois then gave orders to proceed to St. Thomas, not making the least effort to capture the pirate, after having been laying off the port several days for that sole purpose.

On these facts becoming known at St. Thomas, the greatest indignation prevailed among the Americans in port, and others friendly to the United States.

☞ A DOUBLE-BARRELLED COMPLIMENT.—Captain of the seven hundred and ninth (*to incredulous son*:) "Not at the review, sir! Then you missed a sight! Why, sir, General McClellan paid me a compliment, sir, that any man might have been proud of. When he came to my company he paused, and looking at me, sir, he said—'Captain, you're the style of man I like to see on the field of battle—you couldn't run, sir, if you tried!' There's a compliment—and coming from such a great general, too!"

☞ An editor says that when he was in prison for libelling a Justice of the Peace, he was requested by the jailor "to give the prison a puff."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is more active. The week's transactions comprise about 24,000 bbls, at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine, which is now scarce and wanted at the latter rate; $5,62½@5,75 for Western and Penna extra, and $5,75@6 for extra family, chiefly of the latter description, including 1200 bbls City Mills extra and extra family, and about 1000 half bbls do on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have also been to a fair extent, within the same range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 up to $7 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour has been selling in a small way at $4@4,25 ₩ bbl, the latter for extra. Corn Meal remains quiet at $2,87½ for Penna, and $3,15 ₩ bbl for Brandywine.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat for export, and prices are fully 3c ₩ bus better, with sales of about 65,000 bus to note, at $1,35@1,40 for common to good and prime Western and Penna Reds, in store and afloat; $1,38@1,41 for Southern do, and from $1,40 to $1,50 for common and choice White—the latter for Southern. Rye is rather more plenty, with small sales at 75@76c for Penna, and 70c for Delaware, closing dull. Corn comes in slowly, and old is scarce and in request at a further advance, with sales of 20,000 bus at 64@65c for Yellow, in store and afloat, including new at 50@56c, as to condition. Oats are very active; about 45,000 bus have been sold at 41c for Penna, and 46c for Delaware, in store and afloat, closing firm. Barley and Malt are quiet, the former for the want of stock, sales of which are reported at 75@76c for New York State.

PROVISIONS—The market is dull and unsettled, the sales of the hog product generally being of a very limited character. Mess Pork is quoted at $12,50@13,50, and but little doing in the way of sales. Beef is also quiet, Mess ranging at $12@14 ₩ bbl, the latter for city packed. Bacon moves off slowly at about previous rates, but the demand is limited. Of Green Meats the sales are also very light, and prices nearly nominal. Lard is inactive with further sales of 300 pkgs at 8½c @9c cash; kegs are held at 9½c. Butter is in steady demand at 8@10c for packed, and 13@16 for roll, the latter for choice lots. Cheese is selling at 7½@8½c. Eggs are less active and dull at 19c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market continues excited, and on the advance, the stock on sale being very much reduced, and prices at the close 2@3c ₩ lb better, with sales of about 2000 bales at from 28@32c, cash, the latter for middlings, which are now generally held higher; included in the sales are fully 1600 bales South American Cotton, part at 30c, and part private.

ASHES—The demand for both kinds is mostly in a small way at full prices.

BARK—The receipts continue light and the market firm, with further small sales of Quercitron at $28½ for 1st No 1, at which rate it is scarce and wanted. 20 hhds sold on private terms. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good Yellow is wanted at 32c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is firm and the stock light for the season, and business generally is less active.

COFFEE continues firm and on the advance. Sales comprise about 2000 bags of Rio, mostly from second hands at from 16½ to 18c, and 400 bags of Laguayra at 20c, on time.

COPPER is dull and Sheathing moves off slowly at quotations. Yellow Metal is steady at 20c ₩ lb, with further sales at that rate, on time.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 37@40c for good Western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT is unchanged. Green Apples are selling at $2½@3½, and Cranberries at $5@9 ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit is dull at 4@6c for Apples and 6@9½c ₩ lb for unpared Peaches; 10,000 lbs prime new halves sold at the highest figures.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy ranging at from 60@70c ₩ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little stock in first hands, and no sales have come under our notice, the market, however, is firm.

HOPS are in fair demand, with further sales of good Eastern and Western at 20@22c ₩ lb.

IRON is firm, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limiting operations to some 3000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, mostly at $17½@18 for No 2, and $18½@19 cash for No 1; $17, $18, and $20 are the asking rates on time for the three numbers. In other kinds there is no change, and a fair business doing in manufactured Iron at full prices.

LEAD continues scarce and on the advance, with little or nothing doing in the way of sales for the want of stock.

LUMBER is unchanged, White Pine selling at $13@15, and Yellow Sap boards at $13@14 ₩ M. Cooperage stuff is scarce.

MOLASSES is firm but quiet, with small receipts and sales of Cuba at full prices, and Syrup at 25c, on time.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, the season being over, and soft is worth $2,25 ₩ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, but there is little or no demand for it, and prices range at 6½@7c ₩ lb.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Cloverseed, and about 1500 bus have been disposed of, mostly at $4,50@4,75 ₩ bus, as in quality, including prime at $4,87½. Timothy is quiet and generally held above the views of buyers. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted at $1,98@2 ₩ bus. 3000 bags Calcutta Linseed sold at $2,25@2,30, and holders now ask more.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm but quiet at quotations. N E Rum is steady at 30@32c. Whiskey is unchanged, with fair sales at 20@21c for Penna and Ohio bbls, and 19½@20c for Drudge; hhds are scarce.

SUGARS—The market is firm and on the advance, with a reduced stock on sale; a few small sales of Cuba are reported at 8@8½c, on time, and 2200 bags Pernambuco on terms kept private.

TALLOW is quiet, city selling as wanted at 9½@9¾c, and country at 8¾@9c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO—There is little or nothing doing, the stock of both Leaf and Manufactured are very much reduced and prices tending up.

WOOL—The market continues active at a further improvement, and about 300,000 lbs have been taken at from 52c to 60c for common, the latter for tub; 50@55c for fine, and 25c to 45c for foreign.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1398 head. Prices varying from 6 to 8 cents ₩ lb. 80 Cows were sold at from $22 to 35 ₩ head. 3000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 7 to 8 cents ₩ lb, net. 1870 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,50 ₩ cwt, net.

BANK NOTE LIST.

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BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
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Philadelphia, December 14, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	½ dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	½ dis.
Illinois	3 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	30 dis.
Indiana	1 to 25 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ½ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	½ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JESSE DAVIS, U. S. N. to Miss HENRIETTA V. PALMER, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. GEORGE LUKENS, to Mrs. KATE LUKENS, both of this city.

On the 27th of Nov. 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. MICHAEL HUOT, to Miss MARY J. YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON, to Miss MARY J. EDWARDS, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. GEORGE T. MOWER, of Schuylkill Falls, to Miss HARRIET C. third daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Ulary, of Roxborough.

On the 18th of Nov. by the Rev. Danl. Gaston, THOMAS CREIGHTON, to Miss ANNIE CREIGHTON, both of this city.

On the 7th of Sept. by the Rev. H. E. Gilroy, Mr. JOSEPH T. TAYLOR, of Chester, Pa. to Miss MARY A. KEARNEY, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Sunday morning, the 8th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE ALEXANDER, relict of the late Wm. G. Alexander.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 10th instant, JACOB ESHER, in his 63d year.

At Leghorn, Italy, on the 14th of Nov., Mr. AUGUSTUS S. SANTORI, formerly of this city, aged 39 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE PEARCE, aged 52 years.

On the morning of the 7th instant, LYDIA BLACKWOOD, in her 80th year.

On the 9th instant, Capt. W. J. J. BRACELAND, in his 32d year.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH W. BEECHEY, wife of O. B. Beechey, aged 73 years.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES FRENCH, in his 51st year.

On Sunday morning, the 8th instant, DAVID DIXON, in his 68th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE ZENER, aged 87 years.

On the 10th instant, of consumption, PETER POPE, late of the U. S. Naval service, aged 62.

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE of an INVALID—Published for the benefit and as a warning to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., supplying the means of Self-Cure. By one who cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by enclosing a post-paid addressed envelope. oct19-13t

Wit and Humor.

ADVICE TO PERSONS POSSESSING EYES.

(After Hall's Journal of Health.)

The eye is probably the best apparatus ever constructed for seeing things, always excepting opera and quizzing glasses. Without it, merchants would be everlastingly doomed to "go it blind," as they have been doing ever since the panic of 1857; and man could not extend his vision to surrounding objects. The eye is subject to not less than six hundred diseases, the most prevalent among which is the "pink eye," common only to potatoes, the human family, and poodle dogs of delicate constitutions. The professions are unanimously of the opinion that it is incurable. As man is very rarely favored with a second pair of eyes, it is but common prudence to take care of the brace furnished him at the time of setting out to seek his fortune; and, therefore, the following rules will be found serviceable:—

Reading by a candle, unless it is lighted, is very hurtful, and should never be indulged in except by daylight. Absent-minded persons, please notice.

Intoxicated persons should not attempt to read, as their staggering causes a continual and painful change of the focus of the eye.

The practice of reading when going down town is hurtful; if walking, you are liable to rudely encounter a school girl, also reading; and if in a "stage," your attention may inconvenience the lady occupants, who expect you to pass up their pennies or steady their baskets.

Never attempt to look at the sun, unless you have glass eyes; and when you patronize street telescopes, do not grumble when paying for an "interesting view" of Sol, and say, "you can't see it." It speaks bad for your eyes.

Do not look at the moon, as the man in it might consider it impertinent, and being a lunatic, might cause you trouble.

The glare of the sun on water is very bad for the eyes, and for this reason a person should always drink something else during the daytime.

"Seeing stars" and prize-fighting are hurtful to the eye.

If compelled to fight, avoid black eyes; they greatly discourage the natural sight, and are the reverse of ornamental.

"Keeping your eye peeled" is not a literal expression; it should be taken figuratively, as the "peeling" process is bad for the optic.

As any sudden change from darkness to a bright light is injurious to the eye, all fireworks should be set off in the daytime, and Barnum's calcium light should be extinguished.

Never attempt to read by the light of a burning building, as the fire may be put out before you finish the story; besides, you would be in danger of getting hit by a brick, or run down by one of "80's boys."

In looking at minute objects the eye should be occasionally relieved by the sight of a "big thing." For instance, when looking down the throat of a mosquito to see where your blood has gone, have Barnum's hippopotamus at hand, with open mouth, to give variety to the view, thus resting the eye.

On arising in the morning, if the eyes are matted together, it is very hurtful to have a fire-engine to play into them, and a person should never wash his eyes of a morning in gin and bitters, as the "stoughton" is very apt to discolor the optic nerve. The proper and most agreeable method of performing this feat is, soak the optics not to exceed two hours in warm soap suds, and then pry the lids open with an oyster-knife. The cause of the adhesion can then be removed by an application of sand paper and elbow grease.

Never bathe the eye in cold water, it is apt to give them the cramp, and has been known to produce gout in the retina.

Ordinarily, spectacles should be worn by elderly people only, though many young gentlemen can see very well through a "pair of glasses." They are, however, extremely apt to affect the tongue and the breath.

Persons with long sight should look at an unpaid tailor's or milliner's bill by holding it close to the eye, as they can then truthfully declare that they "can't see it."

Some individuals are troubled by the rapid growth of their eye lashes (winkers is the professional term) which is caused by an undue proportion of bear's oil in the fatty substance of the optic. If the lashes become too long, do not cut them with a mowing machine; it is both unnecessary and expensive. Besides, it is attended with danger—the books containing a number of cases where the sight has been permanently injured by running a number of the teeth of a mower into the eye. The proper mode of abbreviation is, to trim them carefully with an apple paring machine.

If the eyes are not of the same color, the owner should not attempt to establish a uniformity by the use of hair-dye or wash, unless he has consulted a fortune-teller on the subject. Even then the risk is great, and no regular practitioner should attempt the operation unless paid in advance.

Near sightedness is caused by the inability of certain persons to see objects at any great distance; it can be cured by lengthening the distance at which objects are visible. If the eyes experience an itching sensation, never rub them with the finger; the saline matter in the insensible perspiration making the optics more irritable. Draw a currycomb gently over the eye, from the nose outward, avoiding that prominent organ, especially if a wax one.

Double sight is very dangerous, and persons should be "treated" promptly when thus afflicted.

By observing the above, eyes will not give out until the vision begins to fail.

Zebedee Squelch, M. D.

☞ The branch of culture most popular with the F. F. V.'s.—Haughty-culture.

"THEN SHAVE ME."

Stopping for a day or two, Jeems went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering and casting his eye about the room, he perceived the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded in the attorney's fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows:—

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir. Have a shave?"

"And do you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir. Have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer me a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeems, solemnly, "do you shave with the oyster knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more. Do you ever open oysters with your razor?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed the barber, indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neckcloth with the air of a man who had unshaken confidence in human nature.

RHYME-MAKING PREACHERS.

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so. As when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said:

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way
And pray?"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate anything of the same sort:

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added:

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir, it whistled itself!"

Original Anecdote of Burns.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands in Aryshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough-looking fellow across there with the plough? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not make a rhyme of." "Done," said the other; and immediately going to the hedge, Lord Boyd cried out "*Baugh!*" Burns stopped at once, leant against the plough, and surveying his assailant from head to foot, he quietly answered—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd,
Of grace and manners he is void—
Just like a bull among the rye,
Cries 'baugh!' at folks as he goes by."

The wager was of course won.

The Reason.—A shop was broken open one night, but strange to say nothing was carried off. The proprietor was making his brag of it, at the same time expressing his surprise at losing nothing.

"Not at all surprising," said his neighbor; "the robbers lighted a lamp, didn't they?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well," continued the neighbor, "they found your goods were marked so high they couldn't afford to take them."

Facetious Newsboy.—See here, Auntie, wot bird is it that rides on the tempest and bids defiance to the storm?

Patriotic Applewoman.—Why, the 'Merican Eagle, in coorse!

Facetious Newsboy.—Not as you knows on. It's the weathercock!

(*Apple lady is overcome, and removes to another locality.*)

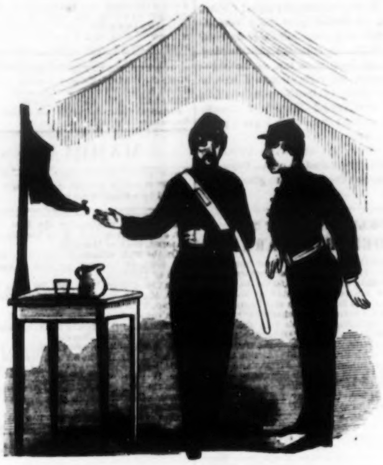
Painful, But Laughable.—In notes of an army surgeon, we find the following:—I remember one day, in making my hospital rounds, a patient, just arrived, presented me an amputated forearm, and in doing so, could scarcely refrain from a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face.

"What is the matter—this does not strike me as a subject of laughter."

"It is not, doctor; but excuse me, I lost my arm in so funny a way, that I still laugh whenever I look at it. Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, took him by the nose, and was just applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me, doctor, for laughing so, but I never saw such a thing before."

This occurred during the siege of Fort Erie.

Range of Sound.—Peschel gives 345 miles as the greatest known distance to which sound has been carried in the air. This was when the awful explosion of a volcano at St. Vincent's was heard at Demerara. The cannonading of the battle of Jena was just heard in the open fields near Dresden, a distance of 92 miles, and in the casemates of the fortress it was very distinct. The bombardment of Antwerp, in 1832, is said to have been heard in the mines of Saxony, 370 miles distant.



QUITE A GENIUS.

Enter Corporal, who complains about the muddiness of the water he drinks.

Lieutenant (in reply).—Well, Corporal, why don't you do as I do; you see I get an old boot and cut a hole in the top of it just large enough to insert a faucet. I then half fill the boot with powdered charcoal, and you can't conceive what a capital filter it makes. Wont you try a glassfull?

A HUSBAND TURNING CRUSTY.

A few days since a boatman who plies his vocation on the beach near Regency Square, having imbibed somewhat too freely, on going home became so offended and cantankerous at an observation that was made by his sober, and therefore his better half, that he smashed all the crockeryware on his meal table, and left the house vowing that he would never return again. For a day or two he kept his horrid resolve, and his house for a treat in consequence, was the abode of peace. Nay, so satisfied was his wife at his absence, that learning his unoccupied time was spent at a beer-shop at the bottom of Queensbury-mews, she the second day of his absence made a pie and sent to him. To him it seemed a species of peace-offering, and the sight of it restoring to his mind many previous proofs of his wife's affection for him, a tear stole involuntarily from his eye, his weather eye; but he had an hunger, which the tempting pie seemed disposed to allay, so, having obtained a knife and fork and asked some of his mates present to partake of his dinner with him, he commenced the process of carving, when, lo, he found the contents to consist of the broken crockery which had been his legacy to his wife and family previous to his departure. The pie is still at the beer-shop; but the stupid fellow has returned home, it is to be hoped, a better and a wiser man. A person who was present at the opening of the "willow pattern" sarcophagus, related an instance somewhat similar that had come to his notice. It was of a man who, on going home and finding his dinner was not ready, gave his wife a beating, a process which she bore with fortitude. It seemed to him, on going home to dine the next day, that the operation which he had performed had had a most beneficial effect, as his pudding was already on the table smoking hot. To his dismay, however, upon opening it he found its contents only a rope. He required to know the meaning of it, when his philosophical wife informed him that she had more thought for him than he had for her, inasmuch as the previous day he had given her the rope raw, whereas she had gone to the trouble of cooking it for him. Ever after dinners in that *line* were never required at that house.

NAPOLEON TO AUGEREAU.

The following letter of Napoleon's is one of the most characteristic he ever wrote. He was discontented with the inertness of Augereau, who was organizing an army at Lyons. The date is February 21, 1814:—

"* * * * What! Six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain you are not in the field? Six hours of rest is quite enough for them. I conquered at Nangis with the brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, who from Bayonne had not drawn rein. *Do you say that the six battalions from Nimes want clothes and equipage, and are uninstructed? Augereau, what miserable excuses! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with battalions of conscripts, scarcely clothed, and without cartridge-boxes.* The National Guards are pitiful? I have here 4,000 from Angers and Bretagne in round hats, without cartridge-boxes, but with good weapons; and I have made them tell. There is no money, do you say? But where do you expect to get money, but from the pockets of the enemy? *You have no teams? Seize them. You have no magazine? Tut, tut! this is too ridiculous! I order you to put yourself in the field twelve hours after you receive this letter.* If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep your command. If your sixty years are too much for you, relinquish it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is menaced and in danger. *It can be saved only by daring and alacrity, and not by vain delays.* You must have a nucleus of 6,000 picked troops? I have not so many, yet I have destroyed three armies, captured 40,000 prisoners, taken two hundred pieces of artillery, and thrice saved the capital. The enemy are in full flight upon Troyes? Be before them. Act no longer as of late. Resume the method and the spirit of '93. When Frenchmen see your plume waving in the van, and you, first of all, exposed to the enemy's fire, you will do with them whatever you will."

So prompt, so bold, was Napoleon. Yet he knew when to wait as well as to move. At Austerlitz, Soult and the other generals begged him to advance. "Stop," replied Napoleon, "*never move when your enemy is destroying himself.*"

AFTER THE STORM.

All night in the pauses of sleep I heard
The moan of the snow-wind and the sea,
Like the wail of Thy sorrowing children, oh,
God!
Who cry unto Thee.

But in beauty and silence the morning broke,
O'erflowing creation the glad light streamed;
And earth stood shining and white as the souls
Of the blessed redeemed.

Oh, glorious marvel in darkness wrought!
With smiles of promise the blue sky bent,
As if to whisper to all who mourn,
Love's hidden intent.

—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

Etiquette.—The word *etiquette* is French, and means in that language a ticket, or card. It appears that in former times it was the custom in France, on occasions of ceremony or festivity, to distribute among the guests tickets, or small slips of paper, containing an outline of the proceedings and directions for the conduct of the company. Thus, if a thing was done properly, it was said to be done according to the ticket, or the *etiquette*. In course of time the word acquired its present general meaning, and was adopted into the English language.

Useful Receipts.

How to Make Corn Bread.—The following is said to be an excellent receipt:—Scald at night half the quantity of meal you are going to use, mix the other with cold water, having it the consistency of thick batter; add a little salt and set it to rise; it will need no yeast. In the morning the cakes will be light and crisp. Skimmings, where meat has been boiled, is best for frying them with. Fry slowly.

To Corn Beef.—Most of the corned beef bought of regular dealers is so much impregnated with salt as to be unreliabable, and sometimes uneatable, by common jaws. The best way is to do your own curing, which may be satisfactorily accomplished as follows:—To eight gallons of water add two pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, four ounces of saltpetre, and fine salt until it will float an egg. Then purchase your own beef, fresh from the butcher, and immerse. It will keep for months, and be tender and toothsome.

Hard Gingerbread.—2 pounds flour, ½ pound butter, 1 pint molasses, ½ pound sugar, 1 ounce ginger, ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Lady Cake.—½ pound butter, ¾ sugar, whites of 16 eggs, 40 drops essence of bitter almonds, ½ gill rose-water, 3 pounds flour.—Mix as pound cake.

Tea Biscuit.—1½ pounds flour, ¼ sugar, ½ pound butter, 1 teaspoonful caroway seed, dissolve ½ teaspoonful soda into a scant ½ pint tepid milk. This makes a dough, which roll in thickish cakes, and bake in a quick oven.

Cinnamon Loaf.—Sift into pan 1 pound flour, put into ½ pint warm milk ¼ pound butter; stir the milk and butter into the flour, a wine-glass of good yeast, and a little salt.—Mix these well and set in a warm place to rise for an hour. Then add ½ pound fine sugar, ½ a nutmeg, 1 large spoonful ground cinnamon, and 1 wine-glass rose-water. Mix these well into the sponge, pour it into baking pans, and let it rinse again ½ hour.

I. **The Iron Rule.**—Never borrow a paper, book, umbrella, horse, cart, shovel, spade, pickaxe, chain, or anything else whatever, if you can possibly do without it, nor then either, unless with the consent of the owner.

II. **The Silver Rule.**—Not only use the article borrowed as carefully as if it were your own, but more so, for it is not your own—nor retain it beyond the time agreed to without the owner's verbal or written consent.

III. **The Golden Rule.**—As soon as you have done using the thing borrowed, return it with thanks, and be ready to return the favor.

Agricultural.

Breeding Cattle.—An intelligent correspondent of an English paper, speaking of the time and skill required to establish a reputation for breeding good Short-horn cattle, refers to the Warlaby (Booth) and Kirkleavington (Bates) herds, of which he says: "They are the fruit of patient and intelligent observation and experiment. They are the consequences of conclusions deduced from an extensive induction of facts. They are the results of many trials, many combinations, many rejections, many hopes and fears, many retracings of earnest but unprofitable steps. They are the triumphant and logical effects of means and appliances within the reach of thoughtful men *who did nothing in a hurry*; and they can be equalled by any breeder possessed of like advantages, like capabilities, like faith in transmitted characteristics, and like brave and undaunted perseverance.—People, in these days, want to be great breeders *all at once*. Great *buyers* all at once they may be; but solid reputation as a founder of a supreme Short-horn herd is the gradual work of anxious years."

Water Proof Cement.—The following cement has been used with great success in covering terraces, lining basins, soldering stones, and everthing resisting the action of water. It is formed of ninety-three parts of well-burnt brick, and seven parts of litharge, made plastic with linseed oil. The brick and litharge must always be reduced to a very fine powder. They are mixed together, enough linseed oil added. It is then applied in the manner of plaster, the body that is to be covered being always previously wet with a sponge. This precaution is indispensable, for otherwise the oil would fritter through the body and prevent the mastic from acquiring hardness. In three or four days it becomes hard and firm. This may be of value to some of our readers who may have need of a reliable cement.

Minks and Bee Moths.—New use for minks has been discovered in York state. Abram Mudgett, of Great Valley, New York, writes to the Rural New Yorker, that he makes bee hives of birch-bark at small cost—that they are preferable to any other. He says that he has no millers or bee moths about his hives, for he keeps tame minks, and they destroy all the millers. For the last thirty years he has kept from twenty to one hundred swarms at a time, and he considers the birch-bark hive and tame minks to destroy the bee moth, the greatest discoveries that he has made. We are glad to hear that minks can be put to a good use. They are bad *varmints* in a chicken yard or fish pond, and if they can be put to any good use before their fur is used, we are glad to know it.

Keeping Potatoes.—We see it stated that if potatoes be buried *five* feet under ground, they will not sprout, but keep fresh for an indefinite period. This may be true, but we do not think that it will require burying to the depth of five feet to make potatoes keep well until new potatoes shall become abundant the following season. All that is needed is to put them below the reach of frost and entirely exclude the air. Vegetables generally, and we believe also apples and pears may be preserved in the best condition by the same process. A friend informs us that a neighbor of his, some years ago, buried a hogshead full of apples, and when taken out late in the spring they were in perfect condition. He saw and ate of them.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Points of a Good Ox.—At the recent State Agricultural gathering in Boston, Mass., the following rules for testing the merits of an ox were elicited:—"You should stand before him and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, broad at and above the eyes, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and wide at his hips. If you find these points, said the speaker, you need not ask of what breed he is, but if you want one, buy him. He said that he had found that a black-eyed ox was not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-headed ox will start quick from the whip, but he will soon forget it."

Horse-Shoes for Snow.—We printed a year ago some directions for making horse-shoes for use in winter to protect horses against the snow which gathers in large balls upon their shoes. These directions were to the effect that the *upper side of the shoe should be made wider than the lower side.* Thus made the snow will more generally fall out than from shoes made in the usual way. It is easy to try it. Many a horse has been ruined by having the coffin joint sprained in consequence of snow-balls.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

How to Rid Calves of Lice.—I have discovered a method of ridding calves of lice. Give them flax-seed. I am wintering eight calves; they became very lousy, and I fed them half a pint at a time for two days, and the oil from it drove the lice all off.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Beans.—M. M. Sawtelle raised this season, from a single pea bean, 118 pods, containing 551 beans—an enormous yield.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 11, 5, 4, 10, is a mount in South America.
My 3, 2, 12, 27, is a gulf in Europe.
My 6, 13, 9, 17, 18, is a city in China.
My 7, 20, 26, 5, 8, is a city in Egypt.
My 14, 25, 26, 14, is one of the United States.
My 15, 3, 18, 14, is a cape of Africa.
My 16, 14, is a river in Europe.
My 19, 14, 2, 5, 22, is a river in France.
My 23, 20, 24, 22, 11, 3, is a county in Michigan.
My 21, 13, 13, 5, is a lake in North America.

My whole is a noble institution in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When the brunt of battle roars,
When the fatal bullets fly,
When the fierce artillery pours
Death and anguish, there am I.

When the midnight cry is heard,
Ringing through the starlit sky;
When the one and awful word
Wakes the dreamer, there am I.

When the merry Christmas tale,
And the Christmas songs rise high,
Brightening holly, cake and ale,
Young and aged, there am I.

When the brilliant setting sun
Sadly greets the admiring eye,
Telling that the day is done,
Mark him well, there am I.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The length of three lines bisecting the angles of a plain triangle, and terminating on the opposite sides are 40, 50 and 60 rods, respectively. Required—the sides of the triangle, true to eight places of decimals?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is coffee like the soil? Ans.—When it is ground.

☞ What is the worst part of the year to try to borrow a book? Ans.—When it is lent.

☞ What proves soldiers to be very careless? Ans.—They are in a mess every day.

☞ Why is the letter N like a pig? Ans.—Because it makes a sty nasty.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—Use temporal but desire eternal things. CHARADE.—

What art thou, beauteous vision, frail and fair,
To paint which mortal pencil may not dare;
What art thou bearing in thy warm embrace,
Roses and violets, with that pale, still face
Of nature kneeling on some Alpine height,
To catch the sun's last kiss, his sweet good-
night—
Thy form Eternity! thy color Truth!
How canst thou curb the strong, the violent
soothe?
Whence hast thou learned, that wisdom here
below,
To rule by love—embracing still thy foe?
And blessing by embracing?—for the eye
With wistful gaze observes thee—standing by
To guide and concentrate the wandering ray,
Or temper and subdue the solar day.
Thy fair reflective features, always bright,
In cot or castle ever smile with light.
Dost thou, oh, beauteous vision stand confest,
With flash of gems beneath thy swelling breast?
Or does the varying color tinge thy face,
As thus we try thy shaded name to trace?
Where hides thy *first?* Seven mystic lamps of
yore,
Illumed God's ark—stoodst thou that ark before?
The loving John beheld the mystic "Seven"
Send light and glory through the courts of Heaven:
And Ruskin, kindling them with genius' ray,
Sends o'er the *past* the brightness of *to-day*;
Illumes the darkness of vast Gothic piles,
And reads the secret of cathedral aisles!
Say, stoodst thou there those mighty ones to
bless,
And was thy use thy very wickedness?
Because thou'rt wicked, dost thou seek the
gloom,
And haunt the mine, the cloister and the tomb?
Because thou'rt wicked, hast thou held thy
slaves,
And lent thy wicked light to cloistered (k)naves?
Say, did the foolish virgins or the wise,
Fill thee with oil, or cheat thee with supplies?
Those who got in and filled their proper places?
Or those who had the door shut in their faces?
And, beauteous *first*, oh, tell me, if you can,
If ere you lighted on an honest man?

Your second Dante found in gloomiest *hell*,
And summer woods rejoice in it as well:
"Who enters here, let him leave hope behind,"
(How sad a shade to fall on human mind,)
Thus Dante sung, and heeded not the hymn,
Chanted in sunshine, through earth's shadows
dim,
The shade of woods is sweet, and passing fair
The purple shadow on the evening air;
The limner's art has once at least been tasked,
To paint a face its added grace unmasked;
For she, the shade to Scotland's beauteous
queen,
Bore not a shade on her own features seen.
And woe is me! if it may not be given,
A shade to compass e'en the walls of Heaven;
And though the orthodox may boasting say,
That Heaven consists of one long shadeless day,
Yet when they find the heretics within,
We'll sit beneath the shade of their chagrin.

My first and second now in shade and shine,
Await the wit of some one to combine!
And when united, form in closest tie,
One shining figure, grateful to the eye!
Like soul to which an earthly dress is given,
Like body lighted with a spark from Heaven.
The lamp within, like light of Life may burn,
The shadow without the body's sacred urn,
And that, like this, when quenched the holy
fire,
Is lost in darkness—all its charms expire.
And now, the answer found, the debt is paid,
And o'er your "Lamp" of wit, I drop my
"Shade!"